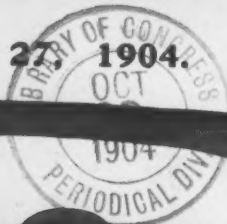


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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1904

No. 37.



# THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1904.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## A Round-Up of Politics

By William Marion Reedy

### The Presidency.

THANK Heaven, there's soon to be an end of the drab politics of 1904! The campaign has been depressing in its voidness of color, lack of spirit.

The personality of Roosevelt is the only thing that has shone out of the dismal grayness, and that has shone only reminiscently, one might say, in a backward glance. Of course it was well for the country to know that Mr. Roosevelt could sit strenuously still if he wanted to do so. He had been, perhaps, too much representative of activity, and so quietude of character, when necessary, was shown as another, but not picturesque side to his character.

Judge Parker's stolidity has been maddening. His hedging characteristic demonstrated in every utterance upon the issues of the campaign showed us that the judicial temperament, like any other temperament, may become a bore. Contributing nothing to the verve of the campaign, he oppressed the people with his overdone dignity. If Roosevelt were extra-impetuous, as was said, Parker was over-cautious.

Tom Watson lightened up the gloom once in a while with satiric flashes of guerilla eloquence. Col. Bryan supported Parker with about as much enthusiasm as a pall-bearer might exhibit at a funeral. Mr. Fairbanks radiated frigidity, and Uncle Gassaway Davis enacted the role of comic old man, only his antiquity overcame his comicality to the extent of forcing the latter to the brink of the pathetic.

Mr. Roosevelt will win. Nothing can beat him but an act of God—or of Satan. Parker will carry the solid South—even though he dodged the race issue, all important down in Dixie. The country regards the election of Roosevelt as a foregone conclusion and to show that it is not "afraid of Teddy," business is picking up.

Democracy is prepared for the inevitable, but worried about the things which come after. Democracy thought Parker, even in losing, would unite the party, yet here we see Col. Bryan getting ready to reorganize the party according to his views for 1908.

The Republicans don't know exactly what they're going to do with their victory. They fear a showing by Roosevelt of independence of party, now that he is to succeed to the Presidency by election rather than by assassination's lottery. And so the campaign started in perfunctoriness and carried on almost funereally, culminates in general dissatisfaction to the politicians. This may not be wholly misfortunate, for it is a safe proposition that the more the politicians are dissatisfied with conditions the better may those conditions be said to be for all the people.

The people believe in the sincerity, energy, courage, patriotism of Theodore Roosevelt. They prefer strenuousness to what looks suspiciously like stupidity. They like positiveness better than negativeness. They would rather listen to "I purpose" than to "I object." Theodore Roosevelt will not go too far in anything.

He is captain of his soul and can call a halt upon himself. So believing, the people are calm and content, and go about their daily vocations without wandering at all after the avocation of politics.



### Folk in Missouri.

HERE in old Missouri, how goes it? Dully indeed. Athenians were made tired by hearing Aristides called "the just." Missourians, if the campaign lengthened out much further, would weary, surely, of the Aristidean attitude of Mr. Joseph W. Folk.

Mr. Folk will be elected by a big majority, and then the people will watch him. He has made his race on the same ticket with a man whom he would have indicted for participation in bribery but for the statute of limitations. He has been a co-candidate with another man generally accused of excessive friendship towards corporations. This tolerance of Mr. Folk's towards the public's, ergo his own, enemies, is not understood of the people, but they give Mr. Folk "the benefit of the doubt."

The Republicans make no showing in Missouri. They couldn't. They boomed and boosted Mr. Folk into the Democratic nomination with exhaustless eulogy and limitless laudation. Then they turned upon him and discredited and denounced him and all his works and pomps as the champion of civic righteousness. True, some Democrats denounced him first and supported him afterwards, but that's another matter. Democrats only questioned his party fealty. Republicans attack his official performances, which, whatever we may think of Mr. Folk personally, are, upon the whole, unassailable from any standpoint of morals or right reason. The Republicans, in equal measure by praise and blame, have thrown themselves out of the court of the people, and have no standing whatever.

Mr. Folk will carry the State ticket to victory, including Secretary of State Cook and Auditor Allen. These latter two may be scratched somewhat, but they seem safe, although if the public care so much for the boodle issue as it is said they do, Secretary Cook may be endangered. Cook is popular with the politicians and public men and Democratic editors, but what the people may think of the Cardwell evidence and the Speed testimony is past finding out. It must be remembered, too, that Democrats who have read Democratic country newspapers have learned little about Cook, because those papers suppressed or softened the news against him.



### Congressional Fights.

THE Democrats may lose two or three Congressmen, one of them, Macenas E. Benton, famed as the victim of President Cleveland's "pernicious activity" ukase in his first term. They may indeed, probably will, lose the Twelfth District, where an uncertain



## The Mirror

alleged individual named Ernest E. Wood has been dug up by the Congressional Committee from the nethermost deep of obscurity.

Wood's nomination is an insult to the city, or else it is a grisly joke by Col. Butler, which is nearly the same thing. Nobody who knows Wood is for him for Congress, and people who don't know him consider his political source against him. It is not known if Col. Butler wants Wood to win or to lose.

When Col. Butler discovered and nominated Wood, the Colonel had assurances that Mr. Charles F. Joy would be nominated by the Republicans. Col. Butler likes Mr. Joy, and would have helped him to win, for Col. Butler never forgets a favor, and Mr. Joy has done him a few in Congress in connection with the contest of Mr. Butler's two elections to Congress. If Mr. Joy had been nominated Mr. Wood would have been gleefully "dumped," but Mr. Joy having been turned down by the Republicans, Col. Butler may conclude to try to put Wood "over the plate" just for fun.

Mr. Coudrey, the Republican nominee in the Twelfth District, is illimitably the superior of Wood in everything that commands public esteem. Mr. Coudrey should win. There is nothing to prevent his winning except the vote in the down-town wards of the district. They have the majority of votes—on the books; and they can get them into the tally if not into the box. Yet there may be internal strife in the downtown wards, as to legislative candidates, and there may be sorties and reprisals which will rebound to the advantage of Mr. Coudrey.

In the Eleventh District the Congressional nominee will run even with his party ticket, but in the Tenth Mr. Bartholdt, Republican, is a sure winner, as he should be for his work for local interests, and because of his national and even international prominence.



### The City Election.

THE city election is a puzzle. Democratic leaders, I understand, have figured out that they will carry the city by about 6,000 votes. They have the best of the registration, for many Republicans asked about their vote, say "what's the use?" They are afraid to go to the polls, or that, going there, their votes will not be counted. They dread police intimidation, with more or less reason. Besides, the Republicans are badly split. Their harmony is discordant, so to speak. Their ticket is not as good as that of the Democrats, all things considered. Especially is their judicial ticket weak in spots.

All that worries some Democrats is Butler's position. If he stands by the ticket it will win. If his Indians use the knife the ticket will lose in the down-town wards. Butler dislikes Folk and Hawes. In their combination he sees only a fight upon himself. How he can work to put weapons in the hands of his enemies is not known. Before the city convention Butler warned two friends of his, seeking nomination, to keep off the ticket. One was after the nomination for Sheriff, the other that for Public Administrator. The chances of victory could not then have looked good to Butler. What can have happened to make them look better now? I can't see. If Butler is friendly to the ticket why is he fighting Thomas E. Kinney's nomination for Senator in the Thirty-first District? Mr. Kinney is a good party man, and at times there wouldn't have been much party without him. If Butler will fight a man like Kinney, how can he be expected to fight for Folk and Hawes, and Stuever? If Butler can wreck the ticket by inaugurating a fight on Kinney in the down-town wards, he can say to the party, "what can you do without me?"

If he stays regular he may nominate his son "Jim" for Mayor next spring—provided that before that time he has not been eliminated by Folk and Hawes—but he can't stay regular and make war on a party factor like Kinney. So there's Col. Butler's problem, as well as the political prognosticator's.

*Pro tem*, locally, Hawes and Stuever have "put it all over Butler," in the making of the ticket. But Hawes and Stuever cannot well tie up even with such a genial fellow as Jim McCaffery as ligature. If Folk sticks to Hawes, Stuever goes to Butler with his forces. If Folk throws Hawes then Hawes goes to Butler. It's a double teter-board situation, with Folk the pivot and Stuever the candlestick. Can Folk and Hawes stick it out as friends? Why not? Folk is committed to the destruction of Butler. Hawes is the man who has the nerve and skill to fight Butler, and has done it more successfully than anyone. But the question now is, in view of past rancor, whether Folk will trust anyone not of his original camp, and whether as Governor he will want anything more of alliances he had to accept in the exigencies of his candidacy? The mix up of personalities and possibilities in the situation is one of the worst ever. The wisest local politicians are "kept guessing" on the outcome; it means so much next spring.



### The Mayoralty.

IN the spring comes the fight for the Mayoralty. The man who can control the nomination for Mayor in either party will be the big boss. Much will depend upon what Folk does with the Police Board, the Election Board, the Excise Office, the Beer Inspector's office, the Coal Oil Inspector's office. If he makes out of these his own machine, he can name the Mayoralty candidate of his party. He can force the slum politicians into line through the Excise office,

the breweries through the Beer Inspector's office, jam through the primaries with the aid of the police, control the count through the Election Board. Mr. Folk has said he did not believe in such a programme, and it is hard to think he would go back on his word. If he doesn't adopt machine tactics, would he stand to be humiliated in his home town by the choice of a Mayoralty candidate hostile or distasteful to him? Suppose Folk, as Governor, didn't interfere, and Butler could nominate his son "Jim" for Mayor, how would Folk feel? Would Folk like to see the city go Republican under his administration as Governor? The situation is fecund in questions, but almost barren of answers. The struggle for control in the Mayoralty nomination will lie between Butler, Stuever and Hawes, unless Folk as Governor throws over Hawes as manager. Without the police and with Hawes out, Butler would win easily. With Hawes in, backed by the Governor, Stuever could step in and dictate terms between Hawes and Butler as he did a few days ago, for Stuever has just enough wards pocketed to make the others come to see him. If Folk would let Hawes run things here, as Dockery did, Folk will land his man in the Mayoralty easily, because Hawes can put any politician out of business.

The Mayoralty, as far as the Democrats are concerned, is, therefore, all up to Mr. Folk, in the long run. If he keeps hands off as Governor there will be a political "shindig" here unparalleled in the past. If the Republicans win in this city next month they will make a whirlwind fight for the Mayoralty, and they will be hard to beat if they name either Tom Niedringhaus or the popular brewer and lucky horseowner, Otto Stifel. Maybe it might, in certain contingencies, come to pass that it would be the only solution for the Democrats to renominate our present game little bantam, Mayor Rolla Wells. Eh? What?

## The Fair in the Fall

By W. M. R.

MORE poignant than all other beauty is that of vanishing things, and so I think that now is the time to drink in the beauty of the great Fair. In this time when the ripe year mellows to its final fall into the white wintry shroud, the Fair has a glory it had not in the new spring or the full blooming summer. There's a hint of winter in the air, and the sunshine has an aspect of ancientness. The buildings seem fast yellowing into an early agedness. There's no pervasive sadness quite so great as that which lurks in autumnal sunlight or the colorings that it spreads on all things, a sort of weary glamour, like the memory one has of a caress at some parting long ago. The waters, glassy, lie still as if waiting for the touch of cold that will turn them into ice. The shadows of the great structures along the lagoon fall upon the waters blurredly, for the waters are as dark as still. Trees and plants begin to curl, crinkle and shrivel to their appointed end. Monuments loom upon the sight more marmoreally memorial than before. The palaces and pavilions on the now storied hill where pours down the cascade, stand out against a sky leaden for all its brightness. Here and there the statuary is peeling off its parafin coating, a finger or hand or nose or ear or foot has fallen off, eaten by the quick leprosy which attacks construction for a brief season's show. It were all

slightly tawdry were it not so piteous—this beginning of the evanescence of a dream come briefly true. In the buildings there are signs of multitudinous preparation for departure of visitors. In places you see displayed streamers and medals signifying prizes won, but while they proclaim the joyousness of some exhibitors, they voice also the disappointment, envy, anger of those to whom no prizes fell, and they emphasize the fact that to many even now, the great Fair is already over. As you move about you will see among the exhibits men fluttering about making their good-byes. Heads of departments are resigning by twos and threes and single, and at every restaurant you come across little groups of men farewelling some comrade, or superior. There's a thunderous good-bye in the throbbing of the machinery, and the lagoon waters recede from the banks and the gondoliers have had the song all shivered out of them. Bridges are crumbling, and all around the beautiful lines of buildings that once rejoiced us are being blunted, even as a man's features melt into indistinguishability in death's cold obstruction. The great crowds hurry, hurry, and that is surely life, but in the autumnal setting the haste means only that time must be improved if one would grasp the fading beauty ere the vision fades away. How stark the administration building stands. It reminds you of "Bleak-House."



the "Petit Trianon" seems overcome by an early desolation. Gorgeosities on every hand are fading and dimming. Igorrotes are wearing hideous hand-me-down togs with the price and size tags unremoved. Indians pass by, their noses bluing with the chill in the air. The man in the overcoat is omnipresent and seems more huddled than he really is. Lunch-baggers still abound, but they seek not shady spots just now. The sunny spots are crowded with them, shutting out the green grass and cluttering the bases of buildings. People pass in glad attire, women mostly, to the still persisting function, and you wonder that never before did you notice how old most of them seem. Yes, functioning has frayed and faded many a handsome matron in the past six months. Many a man, too; but not our Dave, who seems to thrive on hustle. It may be only imagination, but the officials one meets seem always to look over the spectacle with a shade of regret in their eyes and to speak with sorrow in their voices. Guards seem to perform their duties wearily as who should say: "What matters now? It soon will all be over." The Pike! Well, let us not speak of the Pike or to the concessionaires thereupon lest we hear a tale of woe. We've had some fun on the Pike; yes, and some headaches the morning after, but the Pike seems chilly now, and the ballyhoos are worn with their vociferations of many months. It makes one somewhat sadder to stroll for the fortieth time on the Pike in the crisp present days than to lounge or linger elsewhere at the Fair. The sadness of the Fair in the daytime is relieved by glints of the grotesque in the situation, but the Fair was never haloed with a

tenderer beauty than when sunset comes and the west glows through a silvery haze over all the scene. The splendor of the fall is a splendor all its own, and it harmonizes with the mood of one who sees and feels the poetry of the synchronism of passing season with the passing spectacle. October's setting suns cast a light upon the Fair spectacle that has a wistful witchery inexpressible, but, oh, so deeply felt! The sun goes down and the warmth passes. The night wind rises, and with it the chill of night. The lights gleam out, but they, too, seem as if the mighty hand of death were stretched over the great dynamo-heart. A vapor rises over the lagoons, where the steam exhausts therein, and hangs in fantastic wreath-shapes over the waters. The din from the Pike comes clear and distinct to shatter one's dreams with a suggestion of—well, of the laboriousness of our follies. The chill increases, and one instinctively turns to where the crowds are, as cattle huddle together against a coming blizzard. You hear the Boer war fusillades, and they, too, remind you of something great and beautiful gone down before the inevitable—a nation crushed out by Fate. Then ho for the gatherings at the Pike restaurants, the meetings with folks you know at the Alps, the gossip, the gorging, the guzzling—and back home on the cars, cold, tired, sleepy, yet sad at heart that the Fair and its beauties and fantasticalities, and its great lesson, too big ever to be learned, and its foibles of fashionable functions, and its freaks and follies of the Pike are so soon to be things of the past, save so much as may be held of them in remembrance, glad or regretful, in the days to come.

hookey, stole apples, fought rough-and-tumble or over-the-belt, spelled down or was spelt down by in the match at school. A very aged man in thin high voice greets you sympathetically and tells you his name, which is that of the once fierce policeman who chased you for swimming in the quarry pond, as you ran, hat on head, pants and jacket under arm along the deep dust roads, a flying cupid shocking the little girls into flight more precipitate than your own. They come and come, and tell you their sympathy and the memories they evoke only make you feel the meaner that you had forgotten them all in the pursuit, not too successful, of other things not so worthy of holding as touch with old friends. The dead had held to and by and with them all, and you feel that you resent their apparent deeper concern in the misfortune which should be more fully your own.

You look about in the crowd at the house or church, and there are other repentances in store for you. You see a man well down the aisle who you were sure never liked you and would hardly attend your own funeral, much less that of a relative. You despise yourself in a disguised anger that he should have deceived you thus. The busiest man you know down town is on hand. You didn't think he even knew of your trouble. There's a lady whom you had failed to be polite to in the matter of calls who must have forgiven you, as she never knew the dead, for she has come two miles to be present to testify sympathy. There's the barber who shaves you, the bar-tender who can put out your drink without asking what it shall be, the politician you are not supporting, the old priest who was your pastor thirty years ago. Chums long forgotten reach a hand and offer a word as you enter the church, and when the organ peals just as it did when you were a boy and the Latin chant rolls up, you feel that it were well you had never ventured into what you often thought, though not now so sure, the wider, wiser world. The names on the memorial windows are names that were famous in the parish in the now so distant seventies. What floods of recollection overwhelm you to tears as the odor of incense recalls your own acolyte days! Why you were once just such a wide-eyed, self-conscious, black-handed, close cropped arab temporarily turned angel! Those were the days when the priest and the altar boys went to the cemetery in the case of a rich bug's funeral and on the way back the priest bought you soda water and sugar crackers and a funeral was a picnic indeed. The prayers are well remembered—they have often recurred through the years, in times of trouble, but they have a deeper meaning in this old setting. Those light effects through stained glass and incense are as magically bright as of old,—brighter indeed for remembrance, for regrets, for self-pity and self-knowledge, rudely stirred by this return to an elder day, and expressed in tears that burn but do not come.

The family group is smaller, pitifully so. The dead one's little boy laughs in the pew in front of you, not knowing its meaning to him. The dead one looks at you, in a vision you have, with an old, kind, simple smile that you never knew you knew before, and it says forgiveness for all the things you thought you did or did not do, as you might have or should have done. And that's the worst of it. You have always been forgiven. You have always been held at better than you are. You have deceived the living and the dead—and the world goes fairly blithe with you while your betters are called to the grave, and you hate the world for its biting kindness that to-day reveals you to yourself for what you are—one living as a false pretense and surely not fit to join the dead beloved to whom He giveth sleep.

## A Funeral in the Family

By Pasquin

YOU go along in life, working a little for yourself, now and then trying to help some one else, worrying somewhat on occasion, loving here and scrapping there, having a good time, and then something happens that seems to bring all things else to a stop. There comes a death in the family and you are surprised even more than pained, as if you thought the Old Assassin who waits for all would somehow fail to ambush you and yours. Then you realize that your family relations were but lightly held, and comes the stab that you might, without trouble, have been kinder than you were to the one gone and to others of your kith and kin. You get a flash glance at your own thoughtless selfishness in drifting away into fields remote from those of your own kind, in allowing other interests and affections to supervene between yourself and those who should have been nearer to you. Instead of pitying the dead you pity yourself for your failure better to have known one who should have been known among the best of all. You reproach yourself that you feel like a stranger at a house of sorrow where you should have been familiar. You see the tribute of tears and flowers testifying a worthiness which you seemed to have overlooked. All you remember is the petulances you have shown in minor things, the lack of sympathy you had shown at times when your sympathy was perhaps more necessary than you thought.

You feel that those who condole with you on the street have a little mockery behind their words, as if they knew wherein you failed and had cause for self-reproach. The dead one's friends flagellate your conscience with the things they tell you of the qualities of the deceased, qualities which you should have better appreciated. And the truth is so true that everyone who has met the experience of a death in the family will tell you that he or she has felt much as you feel.

You go for the funeral to the old home region, and you seem not to know any of those who gather in the house. This is the more insistent in your thought when some buxom matron speaks to you by your boyish nickname and begs to introduce two stylish young ladies, her daughters. You show you don't know to whom you are speaking. She mentions her married name. It means nothing to you. Then she tells you her maiden name, and your youth comes back in a flash with the memories of a sweetheart long forgotten. An old, old lady speaks to you as if you were a baby. You scan her closely. Why, it is the old granny who helped nurse you. She must be nearly a hundred years old, but she's not much changed. Your heart smites you that you did not know her as she knew you. Substantial citizens recall themselves to your recollection by giving their names. They are the boys with whom you played



## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*Restoration of the Park.*

AN ordinance to make the World's Fair permanent is being much denounced by certain papers just now. There is no such ordinance in existence. There is an ordinance providing for the appointment of a commission by the city to determine whether some features of the World's Fair may not be preserved to the adornment of Forest Park after the Fair shall have been dismantled. Something might be done with the lagoons or the sunken gardens, or the great floral outsetting, or some of the State buildings. The Fair cannot be made permanent. The idea that it could be is an insane one, but surely there are some features that may be preserved by slight transformation to the beautification of the park. The idea of appointing a city commission to confer with a restoration committee of the Exposition Company is a sensible one. Surely there is no one who ever expected that the park would be restored by the Exposition, or its bondsmen, shrub for shrub and tree for tree. There is much that may be saved from the ruin of the Exposition structures and applied to the ornamentation of the park. What is there wrong in trying to see what can be done to make the restoration of the park easy? Why suspect a scheme of the Exposition to unload the intramural railroad upon the city, or a scheme to get the street railway syndicate into, around and through the park? And why should the Exposition Company be supremely "soaked" for park restoration? The people forced the World's Fair project into being. The company was formed mainly of men who went into it under protest. The city practically offered the park to the company. If the company loses money why should St. Louis insist upon making the terms of restoration too burdensome? If anything can be done to help the company along in the large and costly task of putting the place in park shape after the Fair it should surely be done in a spirit of fairness. If there is anything of worth that the city thinks can be taken over from the company for park purposes why not take it and give the company credit for it. I don't see the sense in the outcry which hints that the ordinance referred to is the mask for a steal by the Exposition Company. It is all a part of the general mean suspicion and scandal-spreading which for months has had it bruited about that this, that or the other director had a snap money-making scheme in connection with the Fair. It is all a part of the rumor frequently heard that "the lid would be taken off the Fair at the end of the period," and that there would ensue a stench that would stifle the town and blast the reputations of most, if not all of the ninety-three directors. There may be sores uncovered and stench let loose, but they will not be many. The men who have run the Fair will be found, I think, in most cases, to have lost money by it. If any of them have made money out of any concessions, which I doubt, it will be found that they did so through advancing money to concessionaires in the evil days when the Fair itself seemed in danger of blowing up. There was a time when every concession on the grounds, almost, was broke and, maybe, some directors staked the concerns to tide them over the tough season, but if this was the case it is doubtful if the profits of the men who provided the stake will amount

to enough to be worth mentioning in polite society. It is damned easy for a lot of fellows who mostly never ran successfully a Fair or anything else, to sit back now and throw bricks and mud at the men who were forced into the enterprise, and did phenomenal work in the face of the most untoward conditions. It is too easy to criticise. That's why the best critics are poor creators or executors. I think the World's Fair management has done well. I know it has done better than it expected up to three months ago. This has been the result of the hardest, closest sort of application, by disagreeable cheese-paring on an enterprise that demanded, as a necessity of its existence, lavishness of treatment, by putting in force policies that but for the imminence of wreck would have been repulsive to the broader spirits of the board. It is shabby treatment indeed if, now, at their work's ending they have nothing to expect but brutal, irresponsible abuse, when the worst that is coming to them after the Fair is a chance for a rest after labor honestly and faithfully performed. Now, more than ever, is the knocker a nuisance who should be abated. The only answer to his spiel is what Cambronne replied when called upon to surrender to the English at Waterloo.

*Lawson's Loud Yawp.*

MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON continues in *Everybody's Magazine* his queer revelations of "frenzied finance" in the story of the steal of Amalgamated Copper, but in telling his story Mr. Lawson gives himself away as no little of a financial fakir on his own account. He was euchred by the Rockefeller system at his own game in copper, and besides, Mr. Lawson seems to be telling his story as a part of a scheme to float some as yet faintly adumbrated new copper scheme of his own. Lawson is a grandstand player, *par excellence*, and his performance in *Everybody's* as an expositor of fraud in finance, while, undoubtedly, mostly true, has not yet touched upon any facts which the insiders in finance did not know or strongly suspect from surface indications. His story has proved a great circulation builder for the magazine running it, but there is so much fanfarronade in Lawson's style of exposition that his work lacks the convincing quality of Miss Tarbell's story of Standard Oil in *McClure's*. Miss Tarbell's work evidently suggested Lawson's, but the latter is a rather poor and super-sensational imitation of the former. Lawson has been skinned in financiering. He may make good as a writer in peaching on his former "pals," but his vociferous style forbids us to hope for much more than mere words.

*Our Police Force.*

WHEN three policemen walk into the jaws of death in the performance of duty and bravely die there at the hands of a desperado it is an event calculated to make us lose sympathy with much of the abuse of the police for political reasons to which we have been treated by the press of late. There isn't a better, braver squarer police force in the world than our own. There are few equals thereof. No city is kept as clear of crooks, few are so fortunate. Nowhere is vice so well regulated, since it cannot be wholly suppressed. There are no officers at the

head of big police departments who cannot learn much in the matter of efficient police regulation of a community from Chief of Police Matthew Kiely and Chief of Detectives William Desmond. These are facts which an event like the slaughter of Detectives Shea, Dwyer and McClusky brings to the public mind in St. Louis, and they are facts which must not be ignored because St. Louis policemen happen to be mostly Democrats and good party men at primaries or elections. It seems to me that this recent slaughter, the nitroglycerine explosion on Chestnut street, the arrival in the city of celebrated bank sneaks, the inrush of crooks from the county with the drawing to a close of the World's Fair should develop a public opinion in favor of retaining the greater number, if not all of the special patrolmen appointed for the World's Fair period. With the closing of the Fair there will be left in the city a desperate residuum of the hordes of adventurers, ready to oscillate between fakery and crime, who follow the great fairs. There will be many men left here stranded. They won't starve. They will go out and take their own wherever they find it. They will turn burglar, highwayman, anything to get along, make a stake and move out of town. The police force, without the probationaries, is inadequate to the protection of the city which has been so tremendously expanded in the West End within the last year. There is more property to protect now, than there was a year ago. There are more people. If the probationaries are withdrawn it is much to be feared that the public, after the Fair, will be at the mercy of an unescapable horde of thugs and thieves, just as Chicago was after the close of the Columbian Exposition. Therefore, the police force should be kept up to its present strength, not cut down. Let the probationaries be retained in the public service.

*Sam Cook and the Newspapers.*

ALL the big daily papers have been cracking away at Sam B. Cook, candidate for Secretary of State on the Democratic ticket for his alleged failure to properly assess the great corporations. Mr. Sam B. Cook got tired of this, so he sat down and wrote a letter to the *Globe-Democrat* explaining and defending his attitude towards corporation taxation as a member of the Board of Equalization. In the letter Mr. Cook had a paragraph asserting that the great *G.-D.* could not be bought for \$2,500,000, but returned a taxable value of a few paltry thousands, while the *Post-Dispatch*, which could not be bought for \$1,500,000, returned a similarly ridiculous valuation upon its property. Mr. Cook asked if it was not about time that the great newspapers screaming about the low taxation of public service corporations should for a moment, at least, ignore the mote in the other corporations' eyes, and take cognizance of the beam in their own. The *G.-D.* did not print the letter. Then Mr. Cook sent it to the *Republic*. The *Republic* printed it as a vindication of Democratic taxation methods—but omitted the paragraph about the disparity between the value and actual assessment of newspaper properties. Which shows how we have a free and untrammelled press, a fair press, a press without selfish motives. Mr. Cook's retort was fair and just. Why should not a newspaper be taxed just as any other corporation or individual is taxed? Is it not as much founded on rights belonging to the public as a railroad? It sells news. Why should news or the increment of news-vending be taxed less than pig iron or the increment of pig iron vending? The railroads use the highways, so do the newspapers. The newspapers claim rights of the public and should pay for them. They should pay for the privilege of



invading homes and offices, of maintaining spies, of monopolizing news through special contracts with the telegraph companies. They should pay for real estate, presses and other appurtenances. Newspapers are public service corporations. How often do they vilely serve the public, with wretched pictures, poorly written articles, editorials logically false, fake telegrams, bogus and crooked advertisements? Mr. Sam B. Cook was right to retort on the big dailies as he did. But what chance has a man to drive home to the public any fact or set of facts that the big dailies find to their interest to keep from the public? The newspaper business is not sacrosanct. It is indeed a dangerous business when, under guise of vicious quarreling the corporations pursuing it find it not difficult to get together to suppress anything or any man that opposes their interest. They are dangerous, indeed, when they can lead the people to reason wrongly by suppressing or distorting facts from which correct reason might be pursued.



Mr. Busch for Councilman.

THE local Democracy materially strengthened itself when it nominated Mr. August A. Busch for member of the City Council. Mr. Busch is the son of his father, but he is much more as well—a strong man with fine business sense, just the kind of man the public would be glad to see in the Council. The name Busch is a word to charm with in this city because of the distinguished business and philanthropic services to the city of the founder of the house and because, further, all the wearers of the name have an especial faculty of geniality and kindness. The average St. Louisan feels towards all the Busches about as the famous Dr. Johnson said of a friend—“call a dog Hwey and I will love him.” It was wise politics, therefore, that prompted the placing of Mr. August A. Busch's name upon the Democratic ticket.



Leasehold Marriages.

I HAVE read a great deal of George Meredith in my day, but not even his own incomprehensible not to say unintelligible story, “The Amazing Marriage,” is as outlandish as his recently proclaimed theory and doctrine of leasehold marriages, or marriages for a stated period of years. Mr. Meredith must be going crazy. But, that apart, leasehold marriages would not solve the problem for all married people who seek relief from that state. A man who married for ten years might find himself in a terrible pickle at the end of two years. Would he have to serve out the ten, or would a woman in like case? The more this marriage or divorce question is considered the more we must see that it is “a condition, not a theory, that confronts us.” The world is becoming more sensitive. It demands more in marriage than was demanded in the olden time. It demands a deeper and more sympathetic companionship between partners for life. A woman is no longer a chattel to slave and grind, and be cast aside. She wants her life as fully as a man wants his. The man, too, needs a woman such as he never needed before. He doesn't want a wife as a legalized mistress only. He wants her for higher companionship. We feel more keenly than our great-grandfathers did. We seek freedom from pain more readily. We have divorce; they had not, but we are as moral as they were, if not more so. We have gone along advancing in many things, but our marriage ideas we took on the strength of tradition. We cannot treat the women of to-day as women were treated in the marriage bond three centuries ago. We are not content with femi-

nine insipidities. When we marry awry we will not be clogged, woman or man. Divorce is the expression of the desire for liberty, and it is not essentially or necessarily licentious. Keeping people tied who should not be tied, whether for life or ten years, or five years, does not promote virtue. It enslaves a woman of spirit and makes a man attain his apogee as the libertine and liar which his long mastery of woman has made him.



Not so Rosy for Japan.

EVERYTHING doesn't look so rosy for Japan, in the arena of conflict in Northern Manchuria since the great advance of the Russian army was checked and Gen. Kuropatkin was forced to withdraw. The Japanese were not prepared for Gen. Kuropatkin's later move—a second advance—and it would not be surprising if they have to fall back. The rains and muddy roads and fields have of late interfered with extensive military movements, but the late reports from the Shahke River district shows that the Russians are again gathering in force to take up the offensive as soon as the weather permits. The fact is beginning to dawn upon the world that Gen. Kuropatkin is not so much of a failure as was thought. He has, despite the greatest political and other handicaps, handled his army well, and though the Japanese have apparently gained several victories over him, he has made them as costly as possible. Both

sides lost heavily in the last big battles, but the Japanese seemed more exhausted than the Russians from their continued efforts, and their left army was unable to withstand the second attack. As matters stand now, a Japanese retrograde movement may prove costly. The Russians have enough men to push home not only a strong offensive movement, but, perhaps, may be able to break through to the relief of Port Arthur. A change seems to have come over those Russians. They are fighting harder than ever, and with better judgment. Should the remnant of their naval force do half as well there is still a chance for Russia getting on even terms with its little opponent.



Russia and England.

RELATIONS between Russia and England may be badly strained just now over the Baltic fleet's fatal bombardment of the English fishing craft, but despite the jingo orators and newspapers, there is no prospect of war growing out of the affair. It is only another Russian blunder, one of the many that have crowded its present campaign on sea and land, both in its dealings with the Japanese and neutral powers. In fact, it looks like the act of either madmen, incompetents or traitors. Surely no such demonstration was ordered by the Russian Government, though it had reason to fear the appearance of Japanese ships off the English coast. Perhaps investigation will prove that it was the result of the Russian officer's fondness for indulgence in wine, but the fact that the Baltic fleet has itself, on several occasions been visited by mysterious explosions, collisions and accidents, necessarily leads one to believe that a worse enemy than Japanese confronts Russia. Who knows but the Nihilists have a representative in command in the squadron, and that the scheme was to give England and Russia a Maine disaster that would plunge both countries into war with each other. The handling of the case up to the present writing reflects credit upon the English government. It has taken only those steps that should have been taken, and has turned a deaf ear to those who are clamoring for war. Russia, too, is showing the proper spirit. Those in authority at St. Petersburg, as well as the Czar's eminent representatives in other lands, have expressed deep sorrow over the affair, and a disposition to offer ample apology and indemnity is shown.



Chicago's Fake Nunnery.

It looks as though Chicago is headquarters for the fake nuns who go about the country denouncing the Catholic Church. The other day a supposed charitable institution in Chicago was raided by the police, and it was found that the proprietor had hired women to wear the garb of Sisters of Charity in order that they might collect alms. No doubt this is the institution that has been supplying the “ex-nuns” to the lecture platform. There are some despicable ways of making money, but this one sprung in Chicago is the limit, as it really takes from those who are needy.



More About Shakespeare.

A GENTLEMAN named Robert Shackleton has written for the *Bookman* an article entitled “When Shakespeare went to Italy.” It is a wonderful article in that it produces no single fact to show that Shakespeare ever was in Italy, or, in fact, ever could have been in Italy. The sources of the Italian plays of Shakespeare are thoroughly well known. The originals had all been told in English to which Shakespeare had easy access. Shakespeare, we must

## The Highway

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

ALL day long on the highway  
The King's fleet couriers ride;  
You may hear the tread of their horses sped  
Over the country side.

They ride for life and they ride for death  
And they override who tarrieth.  
With show of color and flush of pride  
They stir the dust on the highway.

Let them ride on the highway wide.  
Love walks in little paths aside.

All day long on the highway  
Is a tramp of an army's feet;  
You may see them go in a marshaled row  
With the tale of their arms complete;  
They march for war and they march for peace.  
For the lust of gold and fame's increase.  
For victories sadder than defeat  
They raise the dust on the highway.

All the armies of earth defied,  
Love dwells in little paths aside.

All day long on the highway  
Rushes an eager band,  
With straining eyes for a worthless prize  
That slips from the grasp like sand.  
And men leave blood where their feet have stood  
And bow them down unto brass and wood—  
Idols fashioned by their own hand—  
Elind in the dust of the highway.

Power and gold and fame denied,  
Love laughs glad in the paths aside.

From Lippincott's Magazine.



remember, was no hesitant borrower. He stole everywhere, but what he stole he beautified. Besides being a playwright, Will Shakespeare was an actor, therefore a good faker of "local color," "character business" and all that sort of thing. He undoubtedly knew plenty of people who had been to Venice, Padua, Florence, Mantua, Rome, for the London of his time abounded in adventurers who were wont then, as now, to frequent the company of actors. Shakespeare's visit to Italy as imaginatively portrayed by Mr. Shackleton, is not nearly so convincing an argument as that of the late Irish poet to the effect that the mysterious Mr. W. H., to whom the immortal sonnets are inscribed, was a boy actor named "Willie Hughes." You can prove pretty nearly anything about Shakespeare except that he was in Italy, or that, as was claimed, he was in Denmark. The only two places I am certain Shakespeare ever was in, are Heaven and Hell. He was in both higher and deeper than Dante ever soared or plunged, and that is why Shakespeare is the greatest tragedian since Aeschylus, as Mr. Swinburne points out in his recent comment on Mr. Abbey's illustrations of "Othello."



#### Those Airships.

GET the ambulances ready! The airships and airshipmen are getting restless and showing a disposition to fly. The partial success of the Baldwin craft the other day is liable to inspire others at the Fair to take a try, and if they do some one's going to get hurt. This feature of the Fair has been a joke. There seems as much chance of an airship qualifying for the \$100,000 prize as there is for the election of Parker and Davis.



#### Free Text Books.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON'S view of the free book question in public schools does not appear to be a popular one. The Archbishop condemns it evidently because of its socialistic tendency, but everything in socialism is not bad. If we are not to give free books to our public school pupils then we might as well abolish the free libraries as useless. The free text book is a great stimulant to the education of youth. It puts the poor boy or girl on the same level as the rich man's child. Moreover, it is an economical measure, since it will result in the saving of many thousands of dollars that might otherwise be spent in prosecuting young criminals who found it impossible to secure an education. In other words, it is better to have free books and free libraries than special courts for the prosecution of youthful offenders and special reformatories in which to incarcerate them.



#### Wicked Paris.

THEY'RE going a good clip over in Paris these days; doing things reminiscent of the reign of Reason, during the Terror. It may or may not be significant that these doings manifest themselves coincidentally with France's long strides towards getting rid of its strongest religious element. It seems that recently the park at Versailles was used for the reproduction of highly sensational episodes supposed to have been witnessed in the time of Louis the Fifteenth. Dressed in costumes of that period, more than a hundred persons rode to Versailles and were rapidly driven to the park. The gates were closed and the public barred. The great fountains that play rarely, were turned on, and the party proceeded to the famous colonnade grove. In the beautiful marble bath, women in the scantiest costumes posed as a group representing Proserpine carried off by Pluto, the women posing as water-nymphs. They next proceeded to Apollo's bath, and a scandalous

scene was enacted, half-clothed women fighting a duel. The affair is said to have been arranged for a cinematograph, through the influence of some one high in the state, whose name cannot be learned. But then we need not be too censorious. Our own high flyers do some strange things at Newport, and a young man's suicide in New York City the other day told us that there are goings on now as in Rome in the time of Alciphron, the parasite. They have, too, in Paris a way of getting up things of the sort described mostly for the benefit of the very moral Americans. And if a Paris official permitted the scene for a kinetoscope show in consideration of a fee, he is not so much worse than our own post-office thieves or other official crooks in all cities and all parties. After all, the world is about as wicked one place as another, and even Paris is not so wicked as it has been deemed since the affair referred to created a scandal, and people are not scandalized by vice with which they are familiar. Yes, my dear brethren, there's no place where 'there ain't no ten commandments,' or where a man can't "get a thirst."



#### The New City Hall.

SO THEY'RE going to throw open the new City Hall to the public a few days hence. How appropriate! There never was a place wherefrom the public was so completely shut out for many years as this same City Hall. I hope the public will turn out and see the new City Hall. It's not so bad architecturally;

not so good either, but it is set in a pleasant bit of park. I think it might make us all feel a little more patriotic to call and see the decorations. Usually we don't go to the City Hall except to pay our taxes or our water license, or to kick about garbage or a bad street or a caved-in sewer, and on those occasions we are scarcely in a frame of mind properly to receive the impressions which the structure as somewhat symbolic of the city's greatness and power and glory, should give us. It will do us all good to drop in and see the place. Especially will the visit be beneficial if it shall remind us, in some of the officials we meet, that while there may have been boodling in the City Hall, there has been ever and always a preponderance of good, honest service of the citizens in that structure. The idea of throwing the building open to the public is a good one. Somehow it seems like a departure in the direction of bringing citizens into closer touch with the government, which might be better for both. I hope everybody who can will call and see the city officials now installed at the Hall. They are the most efficient set as a whole, and have done better team work under the captaincy of Rolla Wells than was done by any staff belonging solely to one political party in many years past. Go to the City Hall, St. Louisan and be a little proud of your town. There are 700,000 of us, and the drag net only caught a paltry score or more of boodlers. Let us quit feeling bad about ourselves as a city. And let us remember that a city is only made great and good and progressive by the greatness and goodness and progressiveness of its citizens.

## The Fashionable Doctor

By Ann Emdee

A "FASHIONABLE" doctor is only one degree less detestable than a worldly or irreligious priest. His existence is only possible in a society where reverence for the body is a declining force. He could not live in a healthy-minded community. There is something particularly obnoxious in placing one's delicate organism in the charge of a man who is steeped through and through with the world's follies and frivolities, who regards pain and suffering as means to his own enjoyment, and looks upon his patient as a "case" to bring him fame or fortune.

Consulting a famous physician by appointment at the unprofessional hour of ten o'clock one night a patient was horrified to find himself among an eager crowd pouring into his house for some entertainment. Listless and sick at heart as he was, there seemed to him something particularly heartless and callous in allowing a tired, bedraggled man to come thus among a butterfly flock bent on enjoyment. Hurriedly, when his business was known, he was ushered into an ante-room among various bric-a-brac put out of the way of the guests who thronged the drawing-rooms. In a short time the doctor entered—prosperity and good living stamped upon his whole bland personality. He was in obvious haste to get the matter through and wondering, no doubt, just how little he could do to secure the two guineas for which his greedy palm itched. His visitor came prepared, as a devout Catholic might be for confession to pour out to him the sacred secrets of the body, but the atmosphere was repellent and he realized, with a feeling of almost physical sickness, how impossible it would be to confide in this man.

It is notorious that there are many doctors of the kind. Their names are to be seen in the lists of those "also present" at most "fashionable" gatherings. Wherever there are flocks of people they crowd. At

theaters, at dances, at card-parties, at dinners and at all kinds of entertainment they are to be found. They will invite you to dinner at their houses and put before you the very viands which they have forbidden you to touch and will force down your throat the wines they have pronounced to be poison to you.

The position of the "fashionable" physician is indeed indefensible. Has he really the right to lead the social life? Is it his business to be of the world worldly? He might even lead a life apart, showing forth to all men the salutary example of absolute bodily sanity. The medical art has a sacramental character; are we not daily realizing that many of the maladies of the soul can be reached through the subtle gateways of the body? It was a sense of fitness that in the middle ages made medicine part of the monk's business, while centuries earlier the priesthood of Aesculapius, that vast college which came nearest of all institutions to the Christian priesthood, administered the precious medical secrets of the pagan world.

We do not for one moment suggest that the modern doctor should be a recluse, or that he should in any way practice a rigorous asceticism, but merely that he should exhibit in his life some special evidence of discipline and self-restraint, of aloofness from the world's follies. Instances of noble heroism, unselfishness and devotion are without doubt numerous, especially among the humble and unadvertised portion of medical men, but it is not to those we are referring. The number of "fashionable" doctors—of men who do not take the profession with any seriousness but who regard it as a means of money-making pure and simple, is distinctly growing in our big cities, and the influence on laymen is most pernicious. They are examples of men who have mistaken their vocations. They absolutely lack conviction of the "religiousness," the refined and sacred happiness of a life spent in relieving pain.



## THE ALIENS

Some idea of how the Australian regards the "race issue" may be gleaned from these strenuous verses by a poet of that continent. That the lines will find a hearty echo in many hearts in the United States is only too true, but the verses are here reproduced not so much for their politico-economics as for the rugged vigor of their craftsmanship.

THEY come not as an open foe  
To loot the land with steel and fire,  
No barricades to dust they blow,  
Or make each home a lurid pyre.  
They bear no bannerette of war;  
No trumpet forth a challenge yells  
From grim-built battle-ship to shore.  
They rain no hell-invented shells,  
But still they war and still they win;  
They claim, and get the victor's share.  
Swarthy of heart as well as skin,  
The Alien comes—

Beware! Beware!!

Along the street no shrapnel shrieks,  
No rifle spits its venom lead,  
No hasty-dug entrenchment reeks  
With piles of disemboweled dead,  
They bear no bayonet, lance, or sword,  
They blare no brass, they roll no drum,  
When comes this irresistible horde  
From out its Mediterranean slum.  
From where the stench of Lisbon's dock  
Pollutes the olive-scented air,  
From plague-infected Antioch  
The Alien comes—

Beware! Beware!!

Along the Adriatic shore  
Where swarming beggars whine and weep,  
The tramp-ship shudders as they pour  
Into her vitals dark and deep;  
From Old Cadiz to Thessaly,  
From Montenegro down to Said,  
They swarm across the Indian Sea  
To swell the beetle-browed brigade;  
To cheat the Briton of his crust;  
To take what he and his should share;  
To drag Australia to the dust,  
The Alien comes—

Beware! Beware!!

They man the mine while workers born  
Beneath the scintillating Cross,  
Are ordered off in sneering scorn  
By Cohen's high, Panjandrum Joss;  
They smudge our land's initial page,  
For paltry pence they snarl and stab:  
They undercut the worker's wage,  
For each's at heart a loathsome scab:  
To rob the babe which, famished, drains  
Its mother's bosom gaunt and bare;

To hoard his blood-begotten gains

The Alien comes—

Beware! Beware!!

From black Bombay to brown Japan,  
The dusky pagan swells the flood  
That, spite the interdicting van,  
Contaminates Australia's blood.  
Across a land once virgin good  
A trail of greed and lust he leaves,  
And o'er its virile nationhood  
Degeneration's spell he weaves  
To tempt our maidens and our wives  
With many a tawdry tinselled snare,  
To undersap their loyal lives,  
The Alien comes—

Beware! Beware!!

In hovels never cleansed nor aired  
On which the law indulgent looks,  
He serves you dainty meals prepared

From filthy food by filthier cooks,  
He laundries whatsoever you need;  
What he demands you promptly pay—  
While women of your British breed  
Must pawn their honor day by day.  
He sells you fruits of Mother Earth  
That ripened in his loathsome lair:  
To blast the land that gave you birth  
The Alien comes—

Beware! Beware!!

*They come not as an open foe  
To loot the land with steel and fire,  
No barricades to dust they blow,  
Or make each home a lurid pyre.  
They bear no bannerette of war;  
No trumpet forth a challenge yells  
From grim-built battle-ships to shore.  
They rain no hell-invented shells,  
But still they war and still they win;  
They claim, and get the victor's share.  
Swarthy of heart as well as skin,  
The Alien comes—*

*Beware! Beware!!*

*Dryblower in Kalgoorlie Sun.*

## A Hero of Science

### The Story of Professor

### Finsen's Life and Deeds

ONE passage out of the many fine passages in which Robert Louis Stevenson has written of life and death rises to the memory as a comment on the life of Professor Finsen, which ended at Copenhagen two weeks ago. "It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sickroom. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the traditions of mankind." Stevenson wrote that in the days when he was suffering most acutely from a disease which brought him very nearly to death as a young man; and after seven years of debonair fighting, still the world appeared to him "a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing, manly virtues." He lived for thirteen years longer, and died at the age of forty-four. Professor Finsen lived to be forty-three. The life of Stevenson suggests itself as a comparison with his, because both men were doomed early, and both fought finely for life. But there is, in reality, a con-

siderable difference between the two lives. For Stevenson, although his lung-disease eventually took him so far away from civilization and his friends as the South Sea Islands, still recovered his health sufficiently to be able to take hard physical exercise for days together, long after sentence had been passed on him by the doctors. He undoubtedly enjoyed living—at all events at intervals. But Professor Finsen's story is different. Gay and courageous as Stevenson's life certainly was, he was not, every hour of his life, beaten down by physical disabilities. Professor Finsen's life was almost wholly the life of a mind; he had few physical capacities left him. All the physical strength he possessed merely entailed, for him, so much power to endure physical suffering. That is the great fact which makes his life marvelous; and see how much work, and what wonderful work, his courage enabled him to get through! He was only twenty-three when he found that his heart and liver were hopelessly diseased, and, as if that were not enough to crush his desire to work, he was attacked by dropsy. He was, it is said, actually "tapped" to relieve the dropsy more than thirty times. He had to realize, and realized with sheer bravery, that he could only keep himself alive by the strictest and most rigid discipline of diet. Every ounce of food and drink that he took was weighed—for twenty years. Possibly in that time he lost—just possibly he never possessed—the desire to live naturally and joyously as most men live; but even if he never possessed such a desire—and there are some men who do not possess it—he, as a student of medicine and

biology, was always intimate with the possibilities and capabilities of a man's body; and the amazing keenness of his intellect must have brought home to him a poignant sense of loss which a blunter mind perhaps would not have been able to realize. Yet he determined to live, not in the hope that life might bring him eventually freedom or partial relief from physical disability and grinding pain, but simply because, however painful life might be, the fact of being alive meant the ability to think.

The chief outcome of his life of thought is, of course, the use of light-rays in the cure of disease. That he might have made himself a name, if not so splendid a name as he possesses, in other branches of study besides medicine is clear enough from the fact that at different times in his life he patented an improved mechanism for breech-loading guns, invented a special kind of cooking apparatus, designed a special sort of dissecting-knife, discovered a prescription for hæmatine lozenges, and even amused himself in constructing a cool summer-house. But, of course, it is as the discoverer of the action of certain light-rays upon bodies affected with certain diseases that he takes his place in the history of medical science. The beginning of the story of his great discovery has a weird setting; he was born and lived most of his youth in a part of the world where the conditions of light are strangely different from those of our own easy, temperate climate. As a young man he lived in Iceland, where light and darkness act upon living organisms more vividly—almost more dramatically—than in countries further from the Pole. He found that he was a different man when he lived in a room facing south from the man he became if he lived in a room facing north. The increased amount of sunlight, he concluded, caused the difference. Later in his life he came across a pamphlet referring to certain phases of the American War of Independence, written by a Dr. Picton, of New Orleans. Dr. Picton had noticed the fact that, out of a number of prisoners suffering from small-pox, some were confined in light rooms and some in dark, and that those who were confined in dark rooms had no secondary fever, and were not pitted by the disease. There followed—all this happened hardly a dozen years ago—an immediate development in Finsen's line of thought and discovery. He had to help him Professor Widmark's researches into spectrum analysis, in which it had been pointed out that the ultra-violet rays of light inflamed the skin of human beings. Finsen improved on the idea, and found that rays of light from which the chemical rays—the blue-violet and the ultra-violet—had been removed could be used beneficially in cases of small-pox. After that he went on quickly. He guessed, or determined, that rays of light, scientifically directed, could be made actually to destroy bacterial life. There were particular kinds of corroding bacteria which had up to that time puzzled physicians hopelessly. The bright, huge thought struck him that by concentrating the bacteria-destroying rays of sunlight in overwhelming force on small areas of human skin he might be able to burn to death in an hour bacteria the life of which the ordinary rays of sunlight merely arrested, or destroyed so gradually as to make the destruction useless for the purpose of saving human life. He went on, then, from experiment to experiment, beginning by using an ordinary magnifying glass such as schoolboys use to burn holes in paper, and cooling the rays through a blanket of water, until he actually cured a patient who had suffered for eight years from lupus. Within a year he was enabled to begin a regular course of treatment of sufferers from skin diseases. Generous friends gave him money; the Danish Government advanced him a loan, free of interest; and since 1896 over two

thousand patients, coming from all parts of the world, have been treated at the Finsen Institute at Copenhagen, where there are employed to-day six doctors and some sixty nurses.

Details dealing with his discoveries would be intensely interesting, but there are few that have been published. One, which brings into relief the queer simplicity which is the god-parent of all great inventions, is the story of his discovery that the light-rays poised to destroy malignant organisms lost their power of destruction when directed against a spot of flesh, if the blood circulating beneath the flesh was allowed to drink up the power of the rays. Finsen experimented by placing a piece of sensitized photographic paper behind his wife's ear, and then allowing the sunlight to play upon the ear. Five minutes went by, and no effect was produced. The experiment was continued by pressing away the blood from the ear by means of two glass plates, and in twenty seconds the sunlight burned the sensitized paper black. The opening of that secret door of knowledge by so simple a key—simple, though, only when discovered—meant the entrance into the huge garden of biological discovery which Finsen has left as the heritage of his successors.

Or rather, the garden is part of the heritage; that part of the heritage which the heir may properly enjoy. But might not the heritage be improved? Not, we mean, in the first place, by the application of severe and brilliant brains to work out to their conclusion the theories which Finsen has enounced barely and simply, but by the personal efforts of those who, being laymen as regards scientific exploration,

are still heirs by reason of the great gift which Finsen has put it in their power to bestow. A certain number of Finsen lamps have been installed in London, chiefly owing to the noble and womanly initiative of Queen Alexandra. But the number of them is horribly insufficient to deal with all the cases that come to the hospitals, hopefully and without hope, for cure. There is not time to treat all; there are not enough lamps. Had Finsen, who spent a great part of his Nobel prize on his institute, happened to be a multi-millionaire instead of a poor man, the case might be different. That part of the inheritance he left behind him—the part which needs development by money rather than brains—he did all he could to enlarge, but he could not enlarge it as he wished.

Stevenson, probably, always expected an early death, and it was his gift to be able to write about what he expected. Others have not been able, perhaps have not wished, to write about what must have caused them deep thought in the pain of their daily work. But Stevenson was surely thinking of death catching men in mid-career, not only of the full-blooded in body, but of the full-blooded in temper and courage, when he wrote that "the noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land." "Happy-starred," except in that his life's work has prevented misery in the lives of thousands of others, Finsen perhaps was not; but of the "full blood" of his amazing courage his twenty years of fight and pain are testimony enough.

## Floto, the Jester

By Percival Pollard

IT was generally conceded, in the land of Fancy, that Floto, the jester at the court of the young King of Dreams, was the wittiest man of his time. There were other jesters; the courts of the Queen of Shadows and the Prince of Portents had each its appointed turner of jests and sharpener of satire; the quips were merry and biting enough, but there was no such perfection of wit anywhere as that which flashed from the thin lips of Floto. Sometimes, on occasions of great state, there were tournaments held in the land of Fancy, which all the royal personages attended with pomp and ceremony most complete. In the contests at arms the victors were furnished now by this court and now by that; in the duello of wit and jest it was always Floto who won the laurel. The fame of this man went throughout the land; in the furthest byways the peasants passed their compliments to him thus: "Ah, maiden, thou hast almost as merry a mind as the great Floto," or thus: "Sir, your satire must have gone to school with Floto." All the people of Dreams laughed at Floto's wit, and many feared it.

Wit, smiles and laughter ever attendant upon him, ever at his beck and call, Floto himself never smiled. It was one of the spices of his humorous monologues, of his sardonic witticisms, that his face never changed from a certain somber stolidity that enveloped it. The most beautiful flights of his humor came from lips that were closely set as in a mold; his voice never betrayed the merriment that lay in his sentences.

The courtiers laughed all the more at Floto's humor; it took on the added elements of incongruousness, of suddenness. They said to themselves that a jester's laugh must spoil the jester's jest, and so they thought no more of Floto's mask-like face except that it must be a part of his stock-in-trade.

But the young King of Dreams himself was still in that age of curiosity when one longs to know the causes of things. He had not yet reached the indifferent years, the years when one is satisfied with surfaces. So it came that to the young king there was something unfathomably uncanny in the difference between Floto's face and Floto's speech. The jester's keen eye detected his master's fearful curiosity, and he avoided him. But one day, as Floto was strolling through the meadow of Thought, the young king met him, and commanded him to stroll the king's way.

"My good Floto," said the young king, after they had taken a few paces together, "art thou happy?"

"Happiness, my king, is a phantom that all pursue and none know when they have caught. I am not different from most men."

"Except in thy art. But I care not to parry words with thee. Tell me, thou jester, dost thou not love me?"

"Art thou a woman, my king, to be loved?"

The young king laid his hand upon Floto's shoulder, and sent the clear gaze of his own brown eyes into the dull haven of the jester's orbs.



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"Nay, Floto," he said gently, "forget thy calling for awhile and speak with me as man to man. See, I am but a fanciful boy, but perhaps my fancy has taught me to see more clearly than all my kingdom sees. Thou wert my father's jester; thy merry jests greeted my coronation; now thou art an aging man, but I have seen that thy age is not so great as thy sorrow. Will you not tell me why thy jests have so much bitterness? But if thou wilt not thy king will not command. See, Floto, it is I, the boy king, who begs—"

"My king, thou shall not beg! It were a sorry day when a King of Dreams turned beggar. Sooner will I—there, frown not at my feeble wit, my king; I do but find it difficult to strip the habits of a lifetime. For, yes, thou art right; I am no jester, truly; I am but the scorner of my own self, and there is more sorrow than joy in my wit. And because thou art young, and hast sympathy still alive within thee, I will tell thee why I am a jester."

By this time they had come into the Path of Echoes. The evening was of gold and gray, and the air was heavy with the scent of drooping magnolias. The Land of Dreams was in its most enchanting mood. And this was what Floto, the jester, was saying to the king:

"To-day jesting is my life; in my youth all life was a jest to me. For every one I had a smile, and I saw humor mis-served me, for I made jest of things too solemn to be so treated. Soon I became known among my friends as a giddy-pate, a light fellow, but a good enough companion for a blue day. I was held to have a most despicably trifling disposition, and my every word was held to me as the turn of a jest, insincere.

"As for myself, the habit of seeing all things through rose-colored glasses was verily becoming so fixed upon me that I became merry even when I felt quite otherwise, and made sport of my own moods. When I thought serious things I spoke them in a jesting way for fear that my seriousness would betray itself. Alone, I had many a sorrowful mood; but the face I showed to the world was always as merry as the smile of dawn. I brought laughter to many lips, and made my own life a merry whim.

"Then upon one day I found myself become most unwontedly serious and asking myself a most earnest question. For there had come into my life a maiden so beautiful in form and spirit that all my world

took on a glorified tint because of her. In her eyes lay all the visions of love; their brown depths glorified whatever they looked upon. Her voice was so sweet that the echoes stood still and wondered, and her words were as the notes of a harp played by an angel. The curve of her lips would have made a sculptor die of helplessness, so perfect was their inimitable grace. Yet, it was not her wonderful, dream-shaped eyes; not the ruby splendor of her lips; not the fairy freshness of her cheeks not the enchantment of her voice, nor the brown witchery of her hair, that made her so perfect in her beauty; it was the fair, white spirit that shone through those eyes and breathed through those lips. Oh, the beauty of that maiden's soul—who shall paint it? Not I, who am a poor stumbler when I speak of aught but jests. But, in those days that maiden's beauty shone through me and illumined me and made me ask myself if I could afford to spend a lifetime in jest. Then I knew that I loved this maiden.

"After I had vowed to myself to look more earnestly on life for the sake of the maiden I loved I found that I was so far gone in the habit of jesting that I could not put it off. And, since the maiden's own moods were oftentimes merry enough and suited to my light disposition, I did not, at first, grieve much at my failure to be serious. Yet, gradually, as I fell deeper and deeper into the sweet thralldom of her eyes, I wished greatly to lay aside my cap and bells, and, finding that I could not, was filled with pain and a horrible fear.

"This fear was that the maiden would consider me, as did all the world, a trifler, a merry-maker, a wit-monger—a person who never knew a serious or sincere moment. Oh, the horror of that fear was awful! It grew every day until it became a reality. Pursued by this fear, yet unable to fight it, I daily made my position worse. In a pitifully weak aversion to sentimentality I said many lover-like things jestingly to the maiden I loved, hoping that she would discover my seriousness under the jest, and already mistrusting my own power to achieve even the semblance of sincerity. Can I ever forget the rebuke in her eyes when I said these sincere words with so insincere a manner? I had disguised my sincerity so completely that she never found it out, and I became more frivolous than ever. Yet it seemed to me that she did not dislike me; there was some note of sympathy in our temperaments, and there were times when my presence seemed to suit her mood.

"In the enchantment of her presence all life became as nothing to me except as it contained her. And so, in the stillness of one summer night, with the stars as silent witnesses, I told the maiden that I loved her, that she was the day star of my hopes, the light of my life. I waited for the love-light in her eyes, the herald of bliss from her lips; then I saw only that soft look of reproach that I knew so well.

"Surely, Floto," she said softly, 'you carry your jest too far.'

"I protested passionately. But there came upon her face only a look of annoyance, a wonder, and then a petulant pity.

"You deceive yourself, Floto," she went on, after I had ceased. 'You have such an excellent fancy that you may now believe you love me, but it is in truth merely a jest that you play with yourself—and me. No, do not say these things again. We have been very good friends; we have had merry moods together; why should you spoil all that with so labored and sad a jest?'

"She turned her head away and sighed. And I, seeing no hope for myself, said weakly, and like the fool I was:

"Ay, ay, it was but a jest, only a jest—"

"But here she turned upon me, and there was a splendid anger in her eyes as she spoke. 'Oh, it was but a jest, was it? Truly, a sorry one. Wilt thou not jest alone hereafter? I go. Nay, do not pursue me or send thy jests with me one step farther. Farewell!'

"She passed into the night, like the hopes of life. Realizing bitterly all my folly, I stood dazed. It came upon me that perhaps—who knows the heart of woman?—if I had not spoken that last piteous lie, that 'Ay, ay, it was but a jest,' she might have relented to a renewed appeal of my passion.

"Then the bitterness of my folly and my fate overcame me, and I fell upon the ground and burst into tears.

"And since then—"

The boy king held Floto's hand fast in his own and pressed it.

"Since then, my good Floto, bitterness has been the keynote of thy jests. Nay, and I do not wonder. Floto, from my heart, I pity thee. Is there nothing I can do, no help—?"

But Floto, the great jester, shook his head and strode away in silence.

## MUSIC.

AT FESTIVAL HALL.

Organists, led by M. Guilmant, and a concert by the Symphony Orchestra were the attractions offered at Festival Hall last week.

The Symphony concert, Friday night, served to introduce a St. Louis singer of rare qualities. Mrs. William J. Romer was the soloist of the occasion and was heard in a familiar aria by Bemberg and an entirely new composition, still unpublished, by Max Bendix. Mrs. Romer is one of the most artistic singers heard at the World's Fair, and with her acquired skill are admirably blended superior temperamental gifts. This soprano possesses a beautiful, rich, strong voice and sings with authority, style and finish. The Bendix song—a setting of Tennyson's "Two Sisters"—is a musicianly composition, cleverly illustrative of the text. Its chief charm is the elaborate and immensely effective instrumentation, to which the voice part is in a measure sacrificed. Although the song is ungrateful from the vocalist's point of view, Mrs. Romer's interpretation evidenced her musical intelligence and the absence of artifice in her work. This singer's superb vocal equip-

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ment was, however, completely exploited in the Bemberg aria. A magnetic personality and fine stage presence add to the charm of Mrs. Romer's work.

## A COSMOPOLITAN SPOT

No one passes up the Tyrolean Alps at the Fair grounds these days. It is the most cosmopolitan spot in the United States. Men, women and even children of all lands can be seen there any day partaking of their favorite delicacies or enjoying beverages which they could get no other place but home. In fact, humanity is one of the Alps' greatest attractions. It is a treat to sit there and watch the people of various countries exchanging hospitality and courtesies and to listen to the music of the many tongues that are spoken there. This resort is popular with all Fair visitors. They love the music, which has no limit in variety and which is representative of nearly every nation. Karl Komzak and Max Bendix, who direct the orchestra alternately, have made a great effort to give the Alps-music programme a world-wide scope and they have succeeded well. The other attractions of the Alps continue to have a vogue. The carvings in the art gallery, the scenic railway and the sliding chute are daily thronged with visitors. Everyone going to the Fair should visit the Alps. There is much to be learned there and there is fun and good cheer galore.

## THE CLOSED DOOR

I never crossed your threshold with a grief

But that I went without it; never came

Heart-hungry but you feed me, eased the blame

And gave the sorrow solace and relief.

I never left you but I took away

The love that drew me to your side again

Through that wide door that never could remain

Quite closed between us for a little day.

Oh, Friend, who gave and comforted, who knew

So over-well the want of heart and mind!

Where may I turn for solace now or find

Relief from this unceasing loss of you?

Be it for fault or folly or for sin,

Oh, terrible my penance and most sore—

To face the tragedy of that closed door

Whereby I pass and may not enter in.

—Theodosia Garrison.

A tramp rang a doorbell the other day, and when the woman of the house, a raw boned, determined looking person, came to the door, he asked, thinking it a good joke: "Madam, will you marry me?"

The woman unrolled her sleeves, reached for her hat and jacket and said: "Well, I've buried four on ye, and I reckon I ain't takin' no stump!"

The tramp fled.

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## AS TO VICES

"Now, my dear, don't fret because James has gone into politics. A man must have some vice and it is better to have it politics than gambling or drinking or—"

"But the newspapers say such awful things about him—"

"That's the advantage of politics over all the others, my dear. You don't have to watch him yourself."—Puck.

## AN IRISHMAN'S SUICIDE

"What are you up to, Pat?"

"Oi'm hanging meself, b'gobs!" replied the Irishman, who had fastened the rope about his waist.

"Why don't you put it around your neck?"

"Faith, Oi did, but Oi couldn't braythe," was the unsmiling reply of the man from the Emerald Isle.

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DRAMATIC

"HER OWN WAY."

"Her Own Way," one of the best and most sensible of the Clyde Fitch plays, is doing well at the Century, where it succeeded "The Pit." The piece is well remembered by St. Louis theatergoers, as are also several of the prominent members of the company. The story opens with a children's birthday party, at which all the youngsters in chipper talk about their elders, much to the amusement of the auditors. Then come on the adults and the plot begins. The heroine, Miss Maxine Elliott, is beautiful and clever as of yore, has fascinated two young men, a dashing army officer and a millionaire. The latter, rejected, becomes a villain and brings dishonor and ruin to the family of the girl he loves, but the heroine is courageous and a true woman, who persists in having her own way despite all disadvantages, and this makes the play all that it is. Miss Elliott's support is all that could be desired. Among those in the cast are Charles Cherry, James Carew, R. C. Herz, Fanny Addison Pitt, Georgie Lawrence—the young lady who did the comic "hairstresser" part last year—Nel-

lie Thorne and little Donald Gallagher, a clever child actor.

"Her Own Way" will be succeeded at the Century by Nat C. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin will appear in a new play, "The Usurper" by I. N. Morris, one of the younger playwrights of this country. Of the play itself it is said that it has "caught on" and gives Mr. Goodwin those opportunities that he has so much longed for, and of which he is said to make much. His genius finds in the leading character, that of *John Maddox*, a congenial spirit, and as Mr. Goodwin plays an up-to-the-minute man of affairs, his conception, we are informed, has added a new character to the stage and one that for brightness and rational interpretation will be the most enjoyable ever presented by him. The production will be handsomely staged.

CLEVER MIDGET ENTERTAINERS.

"The Royal Lilliputians," the midget entertainers at the Grand Opera House this week, are doing excellent business. These clever little people, who come to the Grand every year, have much new material at each visit and this year is no exception. The vehicle of their entertainment is "Dreamland," which gives an excellent opportunity for some acting and a great deal of high class specialty work. In addition to the little people there are several adults in the company who contribute a great deal to its success. Among the clever people in the show are Jas. E. Rosen, Louis Merkel, Geo. Laible, Annie Nelson, Queen Mab, Martha Weis and many others.

Ward and Vokes, who are known wherever the fame of theatrical personages has penetrated, will come to the Grand next week.

"BEN HUR."

"Ben Hur" continues its unparalleled success at the Olympic Theater. Its advent in St. Louis during the World's Fair period was a happy or good stroke of enterprise on the part of the management of the theater, since it afforded the opportunity to many visitors who are familiar with the story, but who rarely go to theater, to witness the great production. The piece scores at every performance. In fact, it seems to improve as it grows older. There is no indication that it is losing prestige and it is safe to say it will remain here several weeks. The next piece at the Olympic will be different in tone and quality, Miss Viola Allen being the stellar attraction.

AT THE STANDARD.

The Rentz-Santley Company is presenting an unusually good show at the Standard Theater this week. "Looping the World," the extravaganza they are presenting, is out of the ordinary and has much to commend it. The chorus, the olio specialties and some novelties in stage setting and scenery have not been excelled at this playhouse this season or any other. Among the entertainers are Ernest and Clara Hackett, comedy sketch team; Hawthorne and

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Burt, eccentric comedians and dancers; Cliff Farrell, musical moke; Bijou Comedy Four in a potpourri of song and comedy; Charles F. Douglas, Irish comedian, and Ella Claus and Myrtle Montez in a refined singing act.

The Fay Foster Company will follow.

THE IMPERIAL.

The successful engagement of "The Darling of the Gods" at the Imperial shows what can be accomplished in the way of long runs in St. Louis with a really high class attraction. The Imperial is crowded at each performance and the interest, both in the piece and the members of the company, seems about equally divided. One would think that the constant appearance of the actors in the same part day after day would lead to indifferent performances, but not so with the company at the Imperial. Their work is as spontaneous and winning as it was in the opening of the show. Their parts never seem to weary them.

HAYES' "LOUISIANA."

Hayes' "Louisiana" is now in the twenty-second week of its engagement in St. Louis and the crowds that fill the Music Hall auditorium testify to the popularity that it still possesses. The features the management have recently been adding to the production give it a newness which helps to increase its charm. Besides, the music is quite popular with St. Louisans and visitors alike.

AT THE ODEON.

The Kiralfy success at the Odeon continues. "Louisiana" brings full houses there at every performance. The regulars and visitors are particularly pleased with the great production. The special-

ties, the stage pictures depicting historical events and the artistic effect of the production as a whole never fail to win the admiration of the audiences.

GAVE HER A CHANCE

Saddler Sime was a droll character, of a type by no means scarce in the rural towns of Scotland. One morning when a neighbor entered his shop he was greeted as follows:

"Man, Jamie, I had an awfu' dream last night, I thocht I say my wife fleelin' awa' up to heaven wi' a great big pair o' wings."

"Aye, man, an' did ye no' try to pu' her back?" was the reply.

"Na, na," said the saddler, "I juist clappit ma hands an' cried, 'Shoo!' I was feared she wid never hae anither chance o' gettin' sae near in."—*London Tit-Bits.*

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Call or write for Sample.



"Whom is your aunt going to marry?" little Leonora was asked.

"I don't know," lisped the little maid, "but I geth ith just a man."

When asked what they are going to get in the shape of winter clothing, all too many people can say all too truthfully, "I don't know," but I guess just a suit of clothes."

If your suit isn't made just for you in just the style that best becomes you, or just the fabric that suits you, you're wearing "just a suit of clothes." You're wearing attire that is no more individual than is a set of harness. You are just wearing something to protect you from the sun and the weather and to keep people from staring at you on the street.

Once try MacCarthy-Evans' made-for-you-attire—once know the joy of having clothing that is just as much a part of your own personality as are the tones of your voice, and we'll guarantee that you'll never go back to the made-for-a-dummy clothing habit.

**MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,**  
High-Grade Tailoring.  
Medium-Grade Prices.  
516-520 Olive St.  
Phones: Main 2647; B 300  
The Post Office is Opposite.



## STRENUOUS COLLEGE GIRLS

Those persons who have been predicting that we are about to return to the bread-and-butter, muslin and blue ribbon ways of the early Victorian period don't find much encouragement in contemplating the co-ed of our mixed colleges. That young woman is as strenuous as the male students—sometimes more so. She is as hard as steel, the result of judicious physical culture, and knows how to avail herself of her resources as far as attack and defense are concerned. A Chicago co-ed put out of business a tramp who had attacked her suddenly. She was but a specimen, one out of many.

In a literary way the co-ed is equally strenuous. It was Miss Alice Joy, a member of the sophomore class of the University of California, who produced the prize foot ball song, which will be chanted on bloody battlefields for the rest of the season as an incentive to those who taste the joy of battle with their peers. "The thrill we knew of old" is a triumphant touch:

The thrill we knew of old is here,  
The white lines stretch out far and clear,

All hail! All hail! the blue and gold!  
Thy sons salute thee as of old.  
California, thy day is bright,  
California, thy day is bright,  
Thy mighty sons will win, will win the fight!

The whistle shrills, all hearts beat high,  
The blue and gold leaps to the sky.  
California! California!  
We're playing with a rah! rah! rah!

Oh, blue and gold, thy day is bright,  
Oh, blue and gold, thy day is bright,  
Thy mighty sons will win, will win the fight!  
Thy mighty sons will win, will win the fight!

Let fields be wet or fields be dry,  
The golden bear reigns in the sky.  
California! California!  
The hills send back our rah! rah! rah!

Oh, blue and gold, thy day is bright,  
Oh, blue and gold, thy day is bright,  
Thy mighty sons will win, will win the fight!

This is the sort of thing that Mr. Swinburne was thinking of when he sang of how  
From blossom to blossom the live tune  
kindles from tree to tree,  
And we know not indeed if we hear  
not the song of the life we see.

The college girl not only sings of the strenuous academic life, she sees it and is an eager and courageous participant. There was a time when she was content to be a spectator on the side lines during college scrimmages, cane rushes and other things of that sort. The time is past. She now sails in as a combatant with dreadful results—not to herself, but to her foes.

It is a pity that Mr. Kipling has not observed the co-ed. She would give him a great opportunity. She has not

been caught yet as a subject. When the author of "Soldiers Three" tires of automobiles, steam engines, wireless telegraphy and reforming the British army and navy he ought to come back and see a little real strenuousness.—*New York Sun.*

## BOER-BRITISH WAR

People would sit through a blizzard, it seems, to watch a good spectacular performance. This thought has been suggested to many observers by the unusually large attendance at the Boer-British war spectacle at the World's Fair Grounds. There have been several unpleasantly cool days within the past month, yet the crowds that went to the arena of battle were not worried by the chilling blast that searched the entire place. The spirit of battle caught them and they warmed up to it more and more as the guns thundered and the soldiers charged. This is quite a commendation for a show, nowadays, for people will not, as a rule, sit in a cold house of amusement no matter how great and good the attraction, but the Boer War, with its thrilling scenes and incidents warms the blood and makes all spectators comfortable. It is in reality the greatest show of its kind ever seen anywhere. And no one should miss the opportunity of seeing the three great battles of the South African war of independence fought in mimicry with all their natural settings and scenes depicted. The conduct of men and horses in the World's Fair spectacle cannot fail to thrill and entertain and the show on the whole possesses many educational features. The admission fee is within the reach of all, 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00.

## THE KIND

"The parson's quite a bird, you say?"  
We asked in whispers hoarse.  
"That's what he is," responded they—  
"What kind?" again we murmured,  
"hey?"  
And they came back in accents gay—  
"A bird of pray, of course."

"What do you want to see the Czar for?"

"I am the agent for a bomb-proof baby carriage.—*Life.*"

"Has public sentiment in this locality crystallized in favor of any particular candidate?" inquired the scholarly spellbinder who had been sent to do a little campaigning in one of the back counties.

"Look here, mister," said the local political magnate, "if you expect to pull off any votes in these diggin's you want to cheese that there Boston dialect o' yourn."

Knicker—"I hear your landlady overreached yourself."

Bocker—"Yes, she tried to make the holes in the doughnuts bigger."

Mrs. Waters (sternly)—"Is there a bar attached to this hotel, young man?"

Bellboy—"No'm; but we kin send out an' git any kind o' booze yer want."—*Philadelphia Press.*

## The Greatest Achievement

In the Manufacture of Spectacles that  
has been made in over 100 years.



TWO DIFFERENT PAIRS OF GLASSES  
ARE NO LONGER NECESSARY.

"Kryptok" Invisible Bifocal Glasses combine both reading and distance glasses in a single frame, with a smooth, unbroken surface, without crack or line, thus doing away with the lines of division which confused the sight and overcoming all the other objectionable features that existed in the old style bifocal glasses.

"Kryptok" Invisible Bifocal Lenses are made exclusively by Aloe's, in the State of Missouri. Prices: \$10, \$12 and \$15, according to the individual eye requirements. The frames and mountings are extra

ALOES, 513 Olive Street.

OPTICAL AUTHORITIES OF AMERICA.

## The Man of Sorrows

Being a Little Journey to the Home of

## Jesus of Nazareth

BY

Elbert Hubbard

A sincere attempt to depict the life, times and teachings, and with truth limn the personality of the Man of Sorrows.

Printed on Hand-made Paper, from a new font of Roman type. Special initials and ornaments. One hundred and fifty pages. A very beautiful book, bound solidly, yet simply, in limp leather, silk lined

Price Per Volume \$2.00

THE ROYCROFTERS,  
EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK.

## A PRESS COMMENT.

If Elbert Hubbard's name lives in literature, it will not be on account of his exquisite *Philistine* fooling; nor yet because of that interesting trifle, *A Message to Garcia*. But it will be on account of this book, *THE MAN OF SORROWS*. Here is a limpid, lucid tale of a man's life as the author sees it—told as if it had never been told before—told without preaching; in language full of sympathy, tenderness and strong, quiet reserve. The book is an unconscious bid for immortality.—*Denver Post.*



### BITE OFF THE CIGAR END

"No, indeed; I do not think much of the man who will cut the end of his cigar off with a knife, nip it off with a nipper, or clip it off with a clipper," said the smoker, "though I suppose most persons will regard the matter as of small consequence. From my way of looking at it, the habit of cutting off the end of a cigar before beginning to smoke it is barbarous, and doesn't make any difference how you cut it off, whether with a knife or with the weapon particularly devised for the purpose. The point is that you should not cut the end at all. Nor do I like the plan of perforating the end of a cigar so you can draw the smoke through. This practice, from my way of looking at the matter, is just as bad as the use of the knife. What then should the smoker do? Answer: He should bite the end off. Why? Because in a general way the results will be more satisfactory to the smoker. If you like a particular brand of cigar it is because of the cigar's flavor to some extent. Of course, we all like the cigar that burns well and evenly, and that we don't have to keep lighting. But primarily the flavor of the cigar is the thing. If we cut or clip the end instead of biting it off with the teeth we lose much of the flavor, and fail to do the only thing which will prepare us for a full enjoyment of the smoke. Besides, you will find that biting is less apt to disorganize the mouth end of the cigar than cutting. The weed is not so apt to unwind and become ragged. Why, sometimes I have seen cigars unwind until they resembled a mop, and all because the smoker had been foolish enough to cut the end off instead of biting it off. There are a great many men in the world who will cut or clip the end of a cigar because they think it is the delicate and dainty thing to do, and many of them look upon the habit of biting the end of a cigar as positively coarse. So far as I know no question of etiquette is involved in the matter. You can cut, nip, clip or bite, just as you please, so far as etiquette of the matter is concerned. It is not a matter of form.

But there is a question of getting the best results, and that's the only point I have in mind. Bite the end of your cigar off, old man, if you want the best results, and I ought to know what I'm talking about for I have smoked a long time, and have tried all systems."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

### AN IDEAL RESTAURANT

Laughlin's at Seventh and Locust Fills the Bill.

Quit worrying about where you are going to eat breakfast, dinner, supper or lunch if you want to be in the same state of mind and body as that hustling competitor of yours. Worry of any kind is bad, but worrying over restaurants is worse. In most cases it ruins the appetite and spoils the stomach. There was a time in St. Louis, perhaps, when restaurants were a justifiable source of worry, but there is no longer any excuse for it. Laughlin's has solved the whole problem. Laughlin's is an ideal restaurant. It is situated at the northeast corner of Seventh and Locust streets, where Schrap's formerly was located. It combines respectability and first class service with elegance of cuisine and reasonable prices. It is a place where the business man or business woman, the clerk and the salesman can find that quiet comfort and good food which is so rare a combination nowadays in other restaurants. It is a place suitable to everybody because it is conducted by a man who has had years of experience as a caterer, and who knows just what his patrons want. Every detail of the business is looked after by Mr. Laughlin and this assures first class service, for he has won many commendations and testimonials for similar service in the best clubs in Chicago as well as in the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis. Particular attention given to theatre parties is already bringing many of the best people of the city to Laughlin's and all theatre-goers eventually will make quick headway for this ideal restaurant after the show, night and matinee. A popular feature of the new restaurant is the Hungarian orchestra which furnishes first class music from behind a screen of palms. And the private apartments for party dinners, suppers or banquets cannot be surpassed anywhere. The place is well lighted and tastily furnished, and is convenient to all cars. The proprietor, N. D. Laughlin, is one of the most popular club managers in the country. He has occupied positions of trust in New York and Chicago, and recently when he resigned the Missouri Athletic Club's managership the members and officers presented him with an elegant gold watch as a testimonial of their esteem. And every day one can see among the patrons of this new restaurant many of the members of the M. A. C.

"Only a few years ago out in my State the Farmers' Alliance and its platform of principles was the chief topic of conversation," said Silas P. Dunten of Kansas. "While the alliance was at its height a man of some-

## Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

ARE now showing complete lines of Winter Draperies, Hangings, Upholsteries and Oriental Rugs; Various New Designs and Suggestions for interior decorations. Also recent arrivals of Bric-a-brac, Art Novelty Pieces for cabinets. :: ::

In addition to full lines of Art Craftsman Furniture in all the new-est Productions. :: :: :: ::

THIRD FLOOR.



TICKET OFFICES  
OLIVE AND SIXTH  
AND  
UNION STATION.

F. D. Gildersleeve, Asst Gen'l Pass. Agt.

VESTIBULED TRAINS LEAVE ST. LOUIS DAILY  
8.52 A. M. 11.58 A. M. 8.27 P. M. 11.00 P. M. 2.05 A. M.  
DINING CARS A LA CARTE

ST. LOUIS, MO.

H. C. Stevenson, City Pass. Agent.

what questionable character, died out in the western part of the State in a town-ship called Waterloo.

### NEW STEAMSHIP TO CUBA.

Commencing November 15th, 1904, the large and modern steamship "Saratoga," of the Munson Steamship Line, will ply between Mobile, Ala., and Havana, Cuba, making the trip in less than 40 hours. Low rates via the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. Write Jno. M. Beall, G. P. A., M. & O. Railroad, St. Louis, for full particulars.

*Lady ward-heeler*—"Look here, madam, what's this you've been saying about me?" *Lady candidate*—"I said you padded the returns; that's what I said." *Lady ward-heeler*—"Well, that's all right. I understood you said I padded myself."—*Pittsburg Post.*

"That boy of yours looks like a genius." "Well, I reckon he must be—

## Big Four Route

—AND—  
ERIE R. R.

Three Fast Trains

—TO—  
PITTSBURG,  
LAKE CHAUTAUQUA,  
BUFFALO,  
NEW YORK,  
BOSTON.

TICKET OFFICES: Broadway and Chestnut Union Station, World's Fair Grounds.

he's got a most amazin' appetite; would rather sleep in the garret than on the first floor; walks in his sleep; tries to play football with the stars; an' climbs a tree whenever he sees a bailiff comin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged  
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF  
*Augler's*  
ALMOST DAILY—  
HOW OFTEN DOES  
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE  
A BOX OF THESE  
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?  
REPENT AND MAIL YOUR  
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO  
*Augler's* 716 OLIVER STREET  
ST. LOUIS  
EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.  
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.



### "A DROP OF WATER"

"Where did you get your money?"

The question was an abrupt one—it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, and a good fellow, and—we had dined. Some two years before Gomez was as poor as a church mouse. He was a journalist; but in Spain the gains of the fraternity of the pen are not large. What little he did earn went to the bad, for he was an inveterate gambler. But from a poverty-stricken journalist he suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the most fashionable club and he had the most luxuriously fitted town house, and he moved in the best society, for the golden key opens all portals. Well, as I said, we had just finished an excellent dinner, and over the walnuts and wine I put the question:

"Gomez, where did you get your money?"

He looked at me thoughtfully and knicked the ash from his cigar.

"Where did I get my money?" he repeated slowly. "And what says Dame Rumor concerning it, Pedro?"

"There are all sorts of stories. I have heard some people call your wealth 'ill-gotten gains,' whispers of retired highwaymen and the like. I have often met people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his laconic reply.

I stared at him.

"Listen! I have never been able to decide. The story is a curious one and should be told in sequence."

"You knew me two years ago, when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. I did not play simply for love of it. I played because I was poor. I was not a gambler; I was a speculator. I had fixed upon a certain sum

which I considered a competency. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth. One evening I was feeling unusually blue. I never drank, as you know—that is, never to excess—and certainly never to do what is called 'drowning sorrow.' Unfortunately I had in my possession a considerable sum of money, which had been intrusted to me by a friend for the purpose of paying some debts; he had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gambling hell and seated myself at the roulette table. Fortune was against me; the few duros that belonged to me were soon gone. Something seemed to possess me. I did what I never should have dreamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money and lost it all. Do not condemn me. You could say nothing severer than were my own self-reproaches. Long I sat there, glaring at the other players. The players dropped off one by one. The tables were gradually deserted. Soon there was but one left lighted—the roulette table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gamester was trying his luck. Finally he, too, wearied, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling hell.

"The banker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the street. I half rose, I say, and as I did so I saw upon the floor a round, bright object which had a silver shimmer as the gas-light fell upon it. It was a coin, a—"

"A peseta," I interrupted.

"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a peseta. I placed my foot upon it, and mentioning to the banker said:

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said he, and on the seventeen clanged seven silver duros.

"Do you leave it there?" said he.

"I nodded.

"Again the ivory ball spun around, and again it stopped at seventeen.

"Again I left the glittering pile upon the seventeen, and again it won. Exactly seven times did the goddess of fortune smile upon me, and when I stopped it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the bank."

"And the peseta," said I, "you have that still?"

"No," he replied.

"Why?" exclaimed I. "Had I been you, I would have kept it all my life."

"No," he replied, "you would not have kept it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin I found—nothing."

"Nothing!" I echoed. "Why—what—where—"

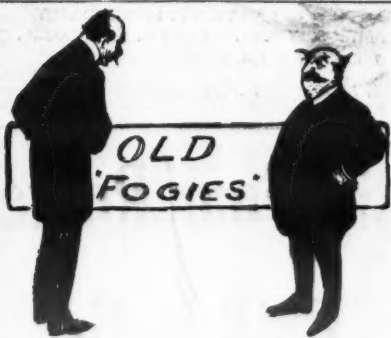
"That which I had taken for a peseta was not a coin. The round, silvery object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was—"

"What?"

"A drop of water."

\*\*\*

On the back of the business card of a Zermatt shoemaker is the following no-



Are crowded out in latter-day clothes making. The Ready-to-Wear Suit or Overcoat of to-day must fit—must be stylish. The tailor who fashions it must be an artist—not a dummy. Croak Clothes have won their place on merit.

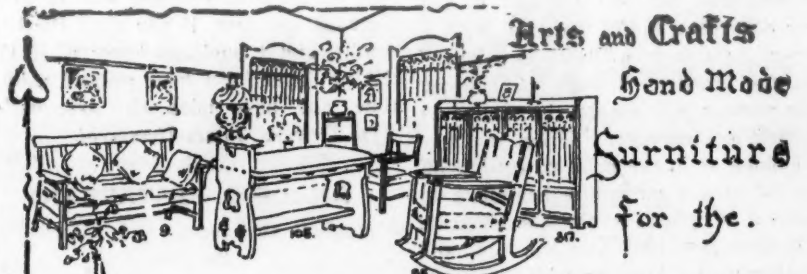
Every fabric that is now fashionable has its place on our tables. Many patterns are to be had here only. Exclusive features are numerous, such as our special concave shoulder and close-fitting collar, giving a dressy effect unusual in ready-to-wear clothes.

The price range, \$15 to \$35.

Rainproof coats exclusive and confined patterns \$15 to \$35.

**M. E. Croak & Co.**

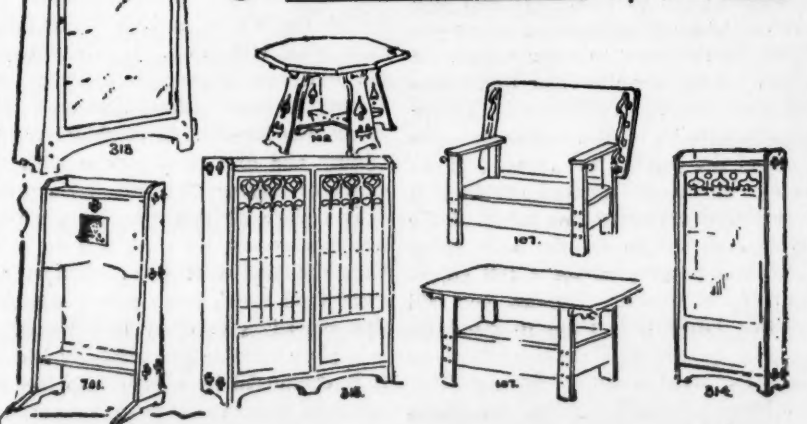
OLIVE AND TENTH STS., S. E. CORNER.



Library, Dining Room and Den.



**5 Piece Suit \$33.50**



**2 CARRITT-COMSTOCK**  
BROADWAY AND LOCUST STREET.

**THE Texas Train**

A Fine, Fast Service Southwest

Through standard sleepers, dining cars.

Leaves St. Louis Daily 5 p. m.,



For Pine Bluff, Texarkana, Shreveport,  
Dallas, Ft. Worth, Houston, Beaumont.

909 Olive St.

Union Station.

notice: "Pay attention to this Visitors are kindly invited to brought your boots self to the shoemaker, then they are frequently nagged by the Portier and that is very damageable for boots and costs the same price."—Punch.

Ex-Congressman Lafe Pence tells a story of an old lady who always knew everything before anybody else. One day her niece saw her passing the house, and ran out to meet her. "Do come in, aunt," she begged, "and help us. We are making charades." Certainly I will,

answered the old lady; "I knew you were making them, because I smelt them as I came along."

\*\*\*  
\$14.40 TO NEW ORLEANS AND RETURN via Mobile and Ohio Railroad Oct. 11th and November 15th. Equally low rates to other points South. Ticket office 518 Olive street.

\*\*\*  
Lay in some hartshorn and oil—  
Ere yet another dawn  
Your offspring may his visage soil—  
The football season's on.



### WOMAN'S POCKETS

For one blessing man is enviable—his pockets. Woman occasionally has a pocket, but she can't use it. "Put in a pocket," she pleads, and the dressmaker sends home the new skirt with a pocket stowed away in the recesses of a hook-up placket hole. It is not a workable pocket for three reasons:

First—it bulges if there is even a handkerchief in it, destroying the symmetry of the outline.

Second—Things aimed at it rarely succeed in forcing an entrance, but fall alongside downward, with a whack on the floor.

Third—Who could fumble through a whole row of hooks and eyes, placed in the center seam at the back? As a trifling obstacle in the way of blind manipulation it may be mentioned that such hooks are usually of a tricky patent, or they would not stay fastened at all.

At the hem of the garment, under the "foundation" frill, pockets like a tiny crescent shaped pouch may also be found lurking. A handkerchief can repose in one in safety, merely involving some suppleness in the owner, who must execute a kind of dive in withdrawing and reinserting it. A silk foundation sometimes accommodates quite a practical looking receptacle, to which the unwary at first intrust even a purse or a pocket knife. But hard objects dangling on a level with the knee are ill companions, and those who have once knelt on a latch key never desire to repeat the experience.

"I asked for pockets and they give me handbags," is the plaint of the petticoated throng, who wonder who will invent them a third hand for their umbrellas while they guard their money with their right and with their left keep their garments from the mud.

In the meantime, while Fashion is decreeing that sovereigns shall jingle in jeweled coat of mail from the end of a slender chain, apparently designed for

the ready pliers of the thief, womankind, more cunning than they seem, are carving a way out of the difficulty. They may carry their purses for all the world to see, and a handkerchief peeps out of their sleeves, but in many a silken underskirt, where it will not interfere with the set, is a pocket, roomy and secure. There it is that the wise woman keeps her gold and her love letters.—*London Graphic.*



### LAWYER'S NAME MENTIONED.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say the defendant offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?"

"Yes, sah."

"Now repeat what he said, using his exact words."

"He said he would give me \$50 if I—"

"He didn't speak in the third person, did he?"

"No, sah; he tuck good care dat dar were no third person 'round; dar was only two—us two."

"I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was t're first pusson myself."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he say, 'I will pay you \$50.'"

"No, sah; he didn't say nothin' 'bout you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'cepting he told me ef eber I got into a scrape you was the best lawyer in San Antonio to fool de jedge and de jury—in fac', you was de best in town to cover up reskelity."

For a brief, breathless moment the trial was suspended.—*Chicago Evening Post.*



### CONDUCTORS NEW CUTAWAYS

Eight conductors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company are envied by all the others, and the reason is good and sufficient, says the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. These eight are arrayed in all the glory of the new uniforms which the company intends to provide for its conductors, and which, in addition to its beauty, does not require that its wearer shall be an all-around athlete and rubber jointed man in order to get into his pockets.

For years the Pennsylvania conductors have sweltered in summer under big double-breasted frock coats, which had to be kept buttoned to preserve their shape, and at all seasons the men have been inconvenienced by the necessity of unbuttoning their coats hundreds of times a day to get their watches, mileage identification checks and other things.

The new uniform, however, is hailed as a deliverance from all these troubles. It consists of a cutaway coat, the top button of which is kept buttoned, a single-breasted, no-collar waistcoat, high cut, and a white cap with a black visor that drops in a peak and shades the eyes. The vest worn in summer is white, while that to be worn in colder weather will be of the same blue material as the rest of the suit.

The eight conductors have now worn their new suits for several days and are

delighted with them. "It is a big improvement," said one of them to-day. "Those old coats were like blankets in summer and in winter they were unhandy. Why, one day last winter, I started out on my run, which is a long one, with my coat buttoned up as we always wear them when we can. The first man I struck had a mileage book and I had to unbutton my coat and get my identification check for him to sign. Before I got through that car I had done that trick ten times, without counting the times I had to open my coat for other things."



### IDENTIFYING THE CLASS.

"I don't recall seeing you at college. I guess you must have been before my time."

"Possibly; possibly. Who was at the head of the faculty when you were there?"

"Um—let me see. I don't just recall his name, but I was there the year Bruce played halfback and kicked a goal twice from the field in the last half of—"

"Oh, sure! Of course! That was the year our center rush carried most of the opposing team on his back for a gain of thirty yards. Yes, indeed. I wonder who was president then. I don't seem to remember minor details of college life myself."—*New York Press.*



An Englishman who holds a colonial governorship, or similar office, loses the prestige that attaches to that office as soon as he arrives in England. In this connection a story is told of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lord Crewe, then Lieutenant-Governor of Ireland. They were on the same boat going from Ireland to England, and on the voyage she showed him all the deference due his rank, but she loved a joke too dearly to miss the opportunity the landing offered. As they were descending the gang-plank, she suddenly exclaimed in a peremptory tone, as though addressing a boy of no importance: "Now, Bobbie, just take hold of this bag and run on



ahead, like a good boy, and see that I have a compartment reserved for me." And "Bobbie" did.



Fond mother—"You will be five years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else."

Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—"Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em."—*Youth.*



GLORY QUAYLE

### THE SLOWEST LAUNDRY

Notice to Patrons of Parrish's Laundry.

Please have your linen ready for our drivers on the day of their regular calls. This will help us to get it back to you on time and give us more time to do the work right. Our drivers are not allowed to wait for linen which is not ready and cannot always go back for it the next day. We cannot return linen received after Wednesday until Tuesday the following week.

### Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry

CORPORATION.

DINKS L. PARRISH, President.  
J. ARTHUR ANDERSON, Vice-Prest. and Gen'l Mgr.

3126-3128 OLIVE STREET

"Lest we forget,"  
WE USE CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER  
NOT IN A TRUST.

### Euchre & Whist Prizes

WEDDING AND ANNIVERSARY PRESENTS.

RICH CUT GLASS,

JEWELRY AND NOVELTIES,

HAIR ORNAMENTS,

BELTS AND BAGS,

PICTURES, LAMPS.

The PALACE

512 Locust St.  
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.  
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.



## HOW TO WIN POPULARITY

To do any little "stunt," as it is called in the argot of the day, is a distinct advantage to the social aspirant. Society is very easily amused and is also very lenient in its criticisms if pleased. The smallest thing, provided it is novel and attractively done, will delight it and excite its admiration. Conventional drawing room accomplishments are not particularly popular nowadays. A cultured pianist is hardly listened to, and certainly not appreciated. Even a superior voice, unless its possessor condescends to sing ragtime music and lead in choruses, etc., is not half so attractive to the general public as some clever performance that is at the same time individual and amusing.

Not long since one of the multi-millionaires who has important business interests in the South asked his wife to send an invitation to the daughter of one of his Southern friends who was passing through New York to spend the week's end with them at their country place. Mrs. A. complied rather unwillingly, as she had a party made up of a few congenial people, and did not fancy entertaining a strange young woman. However, the invitation was sent and accepted, and Miss S., the young woman in question, arrived, was presented to all of the house party, and then subsided into quiet retirement, for no one took the trouble to try to draw her into the "swim," and with the exception of her attentive host there seemed no one particularly to talk to. The day before she was to leave, Mrs. A., her hostess, came into her room and espied on the dressing-table a little teak-wood box, wherein lay a pair of genuine nigger "bones." This aroused her interest at once. She inquired eagerly if the girl could use them, and when the latter laughingly caught them up and while clicking them in the air in perfect time performed in her petticoats and bedroom slippers a few well executed steps of a clog dance, Mrs. A.'s enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"But that is wonderful," she cried. Why did you not tell us that you could do that sort of thing so well? I'll tell

you what I'll do," she continued, suddenly fired with energy, "we'll get up a sort of vaudeville for to-night, and see if we cannot break up that eternal bridge. You must do this sort of thing. Flora McF. shall dance her skirt dance. Jack M. can sing a lot of ragtime songs, and we will think of some other stunts. I'm sure it will be a great success. And so it was. But the little Southern girl proved to be the winning card. Not only did she do her clog dance with the clicking bones, kicking off at the end the disfiguring "clogs" and finishing up in the prettiest and tiniest of stocking feet; but when she was encored she came back and did another turn, this time adding a song accompaniment in a soft mezzo soprano that was charmingly sympathetic. The next morning Miss S. awoke and found herself famous. Her hostess absolutely insisted upon her staying a few days longer. Invitations to other houses followed in quick succession, and Mrs. A., who was filled with pride at having discovered a treasure, was never weary of singing her praises, all of which she well deserved, but which never would have been found out if the "bones" had not been discovered by a happy accident.—*New York Tribune.*



## THE BOASTFUL GASCON

A gascon sat before a cafe in the environs of Paris. On a little white table that had been spread for him in the open air there was a delicious omelet and a bottle of red wine. He was breakfasting, his appetite was great, and while he ate he boasted—boasted of his courage, of his wealth, of his good looks, of his fine clothes, and so on, indefinitely.

Finally he finished eating, and the maid brought his coffee. He sipped it, smacked his lips, and leaned back in his chair.

"We were speaking," he said to the company, "of my eyesight. Well, it is marvelous. It has been, from my childhood, the envy of all. I'll give you an instance of its power. Let me see."

The slim, high towers of Notre Dame were visible in the distance.

"Ah," said the gascon, "there are the towers of Notre Dame. Well, now, on the top of the further tower I see distinctly a mouse running to and fro."

He looked about him. "Can any one else see that mouse," he asked.

A fat man spoke up in a dry voice. "I don't see it," he said, "but I can hear it trot."



## THE SOUL OF WIT

A caller stopped at the house of a certain man and asked if he was at home.

"Deed, an' he's not," replied the woman who answered his ring.

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I could not."

"When did you see him last?"

"At his funeral."

"And who may you be?"

"I'm his remains," said the widow, and she closed the door.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



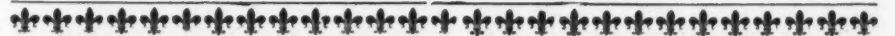
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# OVER THE HOTEL REGISTER

"Well, if Johnny Jones isn't here! I wonder where he ever scrapes up enough to pay his board!

"And here's Dicky Wynder, too. If he paid even a fraction of what he owes he wouldn't be spending his vacation at a first-class hotel.

"The Misses Blodgett. We'll be sure to be kept right up to date with all the scandal now.

"Mrs. Gownley. I wonder how she gets her dresses. They say there isn't a dressmaker in town who'll trust her for another cent.

"Miss Gownley. How dare she show her face here again, after the way she carried on with young Goslyn last year?

"J. Wright Roilly. They say he's absolutely unscrupulous, and his treatment of his wife is a notorious scandal.

"Mrs. Fyrlie. I suppose her poor husband is just killing himself in the hot city so she can have a good time.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lipsitt. Have you heard the awfully ugly rumors about the way they treat each other?

"Jimmy Goslyn. Wonder how many times they'll have to put him out of the cafe this year?

"Egerly Edgerby. Humph! I might have expected it when I saw that Mrs. Rundoun was here.

Mrs. Lassau. Well, if that little widow isn't married before the summer is over I miss my guess.

"Well, dear, I'm awfully glad to see there's so many nice people here.

"Yes, indeed, it's always so much pleasanter to feel you're among friends than a lot of strangers you really don't know anything about."—*Town Topics.*



## TWO BLOCKS OF WIDOWS

"Oh, it ist not to laugh; it ist to cry," said Frau Schmetterling, a widow, of Guttenburg, N. J. She is one of 18 widows living on Bergenline avenue, between Herman and Hudson avenues, a space of only two blocks.

Guttenburg looks upon those two husbandless blocks with mingled amusement and alarm. Since last February funeral has followed funeral, and the men still alive began to flee from those two blocks.

In age the widows range all the way from 22 to 80. Some of them possess considerable property. One owns three houses and many own and conduct stores of various kinds left them by their husbands. Three of the eighteen live in one house.

The colony is known now as the Widows' Haven. It includes widows who bear names which are distinctively German, Irish, American and Armenian. The Germans are largely in the majority. At least half a dozen of the widows are on the sunny side of thirty, and all of them, according to one of Guttenburg's leading citizens, are handsome.—*New York Sun.*



Susan B. Anthony, on her return from Europe, talked in an engaging way about the things she had seen over there. Of a certain slum she said:

"The children in this slum are dirty, very dirty. I hardly know how I may make clear to you the superlative de-

gree of dirtiness that marks them. I was told, for one thing, that a mother, in this slum, often goes out on the street and washes half a dozen children's faces before she is able to find her own child."



## HEN HATCHES FISH EGGS

The Chinese have a method of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from those accidents which generally destroy a large portion of it. The fishermen collect from the margin and surface of water all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish, and after they have found a sufficient quantity they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish.



"Don't be too anxious to get a husband," said the wise matron. "Don't go around hunting for one."

"Think I should just sit down and

wait for one, eh?" replied the maiden.

"Yes, for you'll sit up and wait for one often enough after you've got him."

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



## IT WAS GOOD WATER

Representative John Sharp Williams of Mississippi tells of a colored man in a town of that State who enjoys a local fame by reason of his remarkable vocabulary. One day this colored man was standing near an artesian well, when a stranger, also a negro, accosted him, asking:

"Is dis here good water?"

"Well, I reckon!" indignantly rejoined the other. "Whar you come from, anyhow, dat you don't know hit? Ain't you heerd dat dis water been scandalized by freenologists? Dis heer water been foun' to persist in three parts—two parts o-hide-ungas an' one part hidefoby!"—*New York Press.*



The late Rear Admiral Henry C. Taylor often cited as an example of ghastly humor an incident that befell a young woman who was doing missionary work in the hospitals during the Civil War. One day, during her rounds, a young

soldier, immediately after she had passed him, set up a loud laugh. She turned and looked at him in surprise. He seemed a pitiful case. Nothing of him but his face was visible on the little white bed, and this young face was sadiy thin and pale. Nevertheless, he laughed like one possessed. His mirth resounded through the grewsome room. The visitor returned to him. "Will you tell me what amuses you?" she said. "Why, ma'am," said he, "here you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing when I've got both legs shot off."



## SMART.

*Lady*—Yes, you ought to feel proud of your little brother.

*Kid*—Dat's wot I am. Why, say! dat kid kin jig better an' spit de furdereest dan enny kid on de block.



## IMMUNE.

*Meandering Mike*—"Don't yez dare lay a hand on me. It's a mumber of the dipplymatic carpsse I am."

*Patrolman*—"What legation do you belong to?"

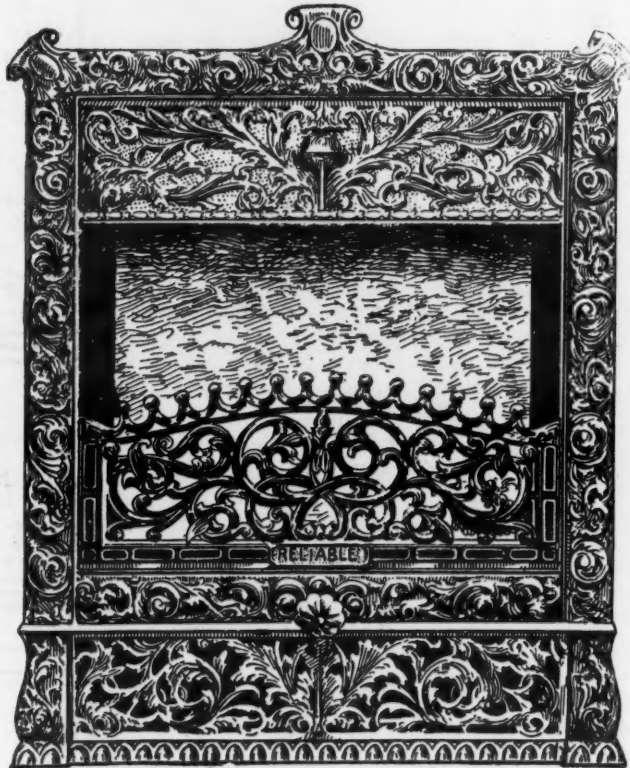
*Meandering Mike*—"To the Irish legation, b'gobs."

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**"TIPPING" TOO EXPENSIVE**

Though the tipping in fashionable restaurants—and many that are not fashionable—is a serious menace to good living on poor incomes, the obnoxious practice is mild in those places compared with the extent it reaches in the homes of the rich. Whether house parties were imported from the realm of Edward to encourage tipping, or tipping was introduced to discourage house parties, is a moot question. The salient fact is that unless American hostesses do something to check the system they soon must content themselves with entertaining one another, obtaining no relief from the monotony in the companionship of agreeable men and women whom fortune has helped with a light hand. One little sister of the rich complained the other day that she was going into bankruptcy in consequence of the drains on her purse. "Positively," she whispered behind her Watteau, "it's cheaper to go to a hotel. I sent regrets to the Stoxon-Bonds for the week end, and was tempted to tell them 'twas because I couldn't afford the luxury of their hospitality. Why, do you know, in one house where I spent two days it cost me \$7 in tips. I spent two days and a part of another in an Adirondack camp, and the tips ran to \$8. Then I went to a Canadian camp and stayed a week. Two women who arrived and departed with me suggested that we make up a purse for the servants. Ten dollars, my dear, from each of us! Of course, I couldn't give less than those frumps. The last time I was in Tuxedo I tipped the maid, but the butler wasn't around, so I escaped him, and I was pleased to death to find myself \$2 in. Tipping last month cost me more than a hundred. Fancy!" There's hope for the little sister and her kind, though. A St. Louis banker made the departure, when he warned his servants not to accept tips on pain of dismissal, and promised them a hundred apiece for their extra work during the Fair.—*New York Press.*

"Well, Caesar," said Colonel Kaintuck, "I hear you've joined the church."  
"Yes, sah," the old colored man replied, "I sho' has."



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"That means you've reformed, of course."

"Oh, yes, suh, co'se it do."

"Well, now, let's see how you'd stand temptation. Let's suppose you were coming across my property, Caesar."

"Yes, suh."

"And you saw some object that belonged to me. Suppose you saw a great, big, fat, juicy watermelon. You wouldn't steal it, would you?"

Caesar shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Look yere, Colonel," he blurted, finally, kyant you make dat objeck somepin else besides er watermillyn, suh?"

**GOULS IN MILTON'S TOMB**

There are probably many, even among the subscribers to Milton's statue—which, as just arranged, is to be unveiled on November 2—who will be surprised to hear that the body of the great poet was once on view at a charge of three-pence a head within a few yards from the site chosen for this splendid tribute to his memory. It was in 1790, after a little carousal, that two overseers and a carpenter entered the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton lay buried, and, having discovered the leaden coffin which contained his body, cut open its top with a mallet and chisel. "When they disturbed the shroud," Neve says, when telling the story of the ghoully deed, "the ribs fell. Mr. Fountain confessed that he pulled hard at the teeth, which resisted until someone hit them with a stone." Fountain secured all the fine teeth in the upper jaw, and generously gave one to one of his accomplices. Altogether the scoundrels stole a rib bone, ten teeth and several handfuls of hair; and to crown the diabolical business, the female gravedigger afterward exhibited the body to anyone willing to pay threepence for the spectacle.—*Westminster Gazette.*

**WHY WOMEN DO THE TALKING**

Renewal of the effort to introduce into the public schools a form of manual instruction which has for its purpose the equal use of both hands in handwriting is advocated by Henry Zinser of Baltimore—a pupil of Paille of Paris, who maintains that bodily and mental health will be improved by adopting the principles of the Ambidextral society of London. It is asserted—and a curious mass of statistics has been collected to sustain the contention—that the ambidextrous man possesses a finer mental equipose than the man who is right-handed or left-handed. "One reason," says Paille, "why women are more voluble in speech than men is because they use both hands more, and this equal activity of the motor nerves results in a more equal development of both hemispheres of the brain, and as a consequence they talk more."—*New York Press.*



Nell—"Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture."

Bell—"Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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### SOME FAMOUS RETREATS

In the light of the more recent revelations that have reached us from Manchuria without official editing, our military experts now believe that Kuropatkin fought the last day's battle of Liao Yang against odds of ten to one, and that his withdrawal was a masterpiece of strategy. It now seems evident that the bulk of his army was well upon the way to Mukden before he showed a sign of yielding, and that the Japanese were held for at least twenty-four hours by the Russian rearguard. In support of this hypothesis, they point to the fact that Kuropatkin left behind him no spoils of war; that every important bit of army property had been removed; that the Japanese, after their heroic efforts, marched into a dismantled stronghold, which had been swept clean of all material of consequence.

Old campaigners are reminded of Beauregard's evacuation of Corinth, Miss., in the spring of 1862. It was some time after the bloody battle of Shiloh, to be sure, but as much a part of it as Kuropatkin's retrograde movement upon Mukden is a part of the tremendous affair of Liao Yang. Beauregard was strongly entrenched at Corinth, and Halleck and Grant were slowly enveloping him in a grim cordon he could not hope to break—with a force he did not dare to meet. The Union commanders were drawing nearer and nearer every day by means of zigzag trenches, and the big guns from the boats were shelling the Confederate position with steadily increasing fury. But Beauregard had been quietly shipping the sick the wounded, the wagons, the animals, and nearly all the men fit for service—shipping them south to a position some eighty miles distant—until, on the last evening, when the Union troops were ready for the assault, the Confederate camp fires represented only a strong rear-guard in light marching order. It was about 10 o'clock that night when, with the big shells bursting all about them, a few thousand "gray backs" filed from many directions into the hard, smooth, sandy road, and six or seven hours later the "Federals" swarmed over the breastworks, only to find a beggarly debris of battered canteens and frowsy horse blankets and the like, with Beauregard's army out of danger and the rear-guard trotting southward, twenty miles away!

Kuropatkin's retirement was achieved under infinitely greater difficulties, but it seems to have been equally successful, from a military point of view. History, we think, will classify it as one of the famous retreats in war.—*Washington Post*.

The late Senator Quay, whose secretiveness made his comings and goings seem very mysterious to newspaper men, arrived at Philadelphia from Washington very early one morning. A reporter, who knew him intimately, said: "Senator, is there any significance attached to your visit here to-day?" "Yes," said the Senator, lowering his voice and looking shrewd, "there is deep significance and importance." The reporter's interest was aroused at once.

"May I ask what the business is?" "Certainly," replied the Senator; "I am about to go down to the bank to try and have a note renewed, and I don't know whether I'll succeed or not."

Speaking of the American way of pronouncing certain names, one of the Chicago papers has been having a little fun at the expense of popular idiosyncracies in this respect," said the man, "and since I am at war with the faddists, and may be called faddism, I rather enjoy the fling. The paper in question calls attention to the fact that George Bernard Shaw's new Don Juan play has already started a lot of talk about Byron's 'Don Juan.' Byron did his best to prevent this. He rhymed Ju'an with 'new one' and with 'true one.' But he has shared the fate of the other English poets, who for years and years, and almost for centuries and centuries, rhymed Cadiz with 'ladies.' They had annexed Cadiz and had Anglicized it. Their descendants have hauled down the flag. Cadiz again belongs to the foreigner. It is called 'Cah-deeth.' Fortunately we do not yet say: 'Charge, Munchen, charge, with all thy chivalry.' We do, however, say 'Don Kehote.' And we shall probably go on to saying that a project is 'kehotic.' Which leads to the general rule for culture: 'Take all foreign words that have been Anglicized and translate them back into their original languages.' Versailles, for instance, became 'so completely Anglicized that in the mouth of the most fastidious English scholar it rhymed with pails. To acquire culture, make it rhyme with pie. Then, some day, the exquisitely cultured man will come who will remember that York is simply an Anglicized corruption of the name which the Romans gave the town, and who will therefore, talk of taking the train for New Eboracum. Still, we may hope for something better. It may not come to this, after all."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

The latest London anecdote concerning William Waldorf Astor dates from a certain dinner party given by the eccentric expatriate, at which Joseph Chamberlain and his wife were guests. The two started in ample time, but, owing to a street blockade, were delayed, and arrived one minute late. Ushered into the reception room, they found it vacant. The guests had been seated promptly on the stroke of the hour. Mr. Chamberlain wasn't worried. "Tell Mr. Astor to come and conduct Mrs. Chamberlain to the table," he said in his blandest tone to the flunky. "Y-y-yes, sir," said the servant, with one glance at the awe-inspiring monocle. He must have delivered the message, for Mr. Astor came.

A scientific reason is now put forward why it is absurd for a man to part his hair in the middle, and an explanation also given why when women attempt the feat, they so rarely succeed. The brain, it appears, is not "ambidextrous," if the expression is permissible. If it were an organ of bilateral symmetry, it is asked, who would decide when the two halves disagree! Just as in government, matrimony or war, there must

be a head; so must one-half of the brain rule the other, and it is generally the left half that rules, which makes most people right-handed. The right half sometimes makes suggestions, as one's "better half," but the left half rules. Just as it is natural, therefore, for people to use one hand more than another, and not both equally well, it is natural a man should part his hair on one side or the other, and not in the middle. At least, so "scientists" say.



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The above sum has been set aside by THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE, to be distributed as awards to the subscribers of THE COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE and THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY GAZETTE who estimate the total vote cast in the State of Ohio for President of the United States, at the election to be held Nov. 8, 1904.

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To one making nearest cor-  
rect estimate of exact total  
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But if the exact estimate is  
submitted prior to Oct. 1 a  
special award of \$10,000 is of-  
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**THE VOTE AT PREVIOUS**

**PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS**

To better enable the readers of  
The Commercial Tribune and  
The Weekly Gazette to have  
the figures of previous  
years before them, the follow-  
ing figures are given to show  
total vote in Ohio for Presi-  
dent of the United States for  
the years from 1888 to the last  
Presidential election:

1888—841,941. 1892—861,625. 1896—

1,020,107. 1900—1,049,121. 1904—?

subscribers estimating and not of The Commercial Tribune.

These conditions constitute the entire contract, and are subject to no modification  
whatsoever, and every subscriber competing in this contest assents thereby to these con-  
ditions.

The Official Certificate of the Secretary of the State of Ohio shall be conclusive as to  
the total number of votes cast.

After the receipt of the Official Certificate an impartial committee, selected by The  
Commercial Tribune, will determine the winners, and its award will be published in The  
Commercial Tribune for three days, after which time, in the absence of objection, the  
awards will be distributed, and this distribution shall be final and absolute and binding  
on all participants in the contest.

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